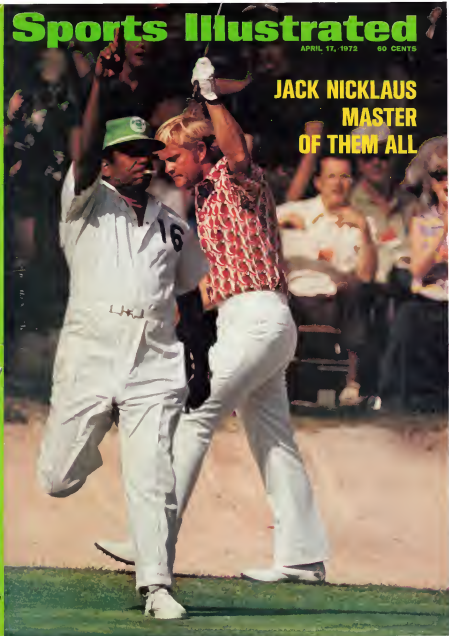


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 17, 1972

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Cutty Sark is a clipper ship of P. & T. Line built in 1869. She is the only surviving ship of the Great Britain Fur Trade.

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Scotland's best kept secret is the Cutty Sark blend. Some 30 classic Scots whiskies are matured, melded then re-mellowed for additional months. The result: Taste, character and heritage unique among Scotches. Tonight, discover the secret of Cutty Sark for yourself.

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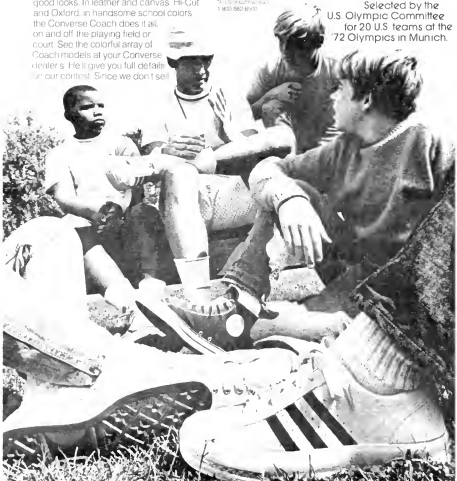
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Cochiti.

It's an American Indian word. In fact, it's an Indian tribe. For the last thousand years, the Cochiti have lived in the high country of Northeastern New Mexico on a beautiful piece of land that has almost everything: volcanic mountains, abrupt canyons, forests, rivers, wildlife.

Now it's going to have it all.

North of Albuquerque, New Mexico, near where the Santa Fe River and The Rio Grande come together, the United States Army Corps of Engineers is building the world's tenth largest earth fill dam. When they're done, a lake will happen. Cochiti Lake.

It's the largest construction project in New Mexico's history. The dam and the reservoir and the marina will cost more than seventy million dollars.

The Cochiti have a partner helping them master plan and develop an entirely new kind of recreational community at Cochiti Lake.

The partner's name is Great Western Cities. They share the Cochiti's philosophy: either do it right or leave the land alone.

There are model homes to see now at Cochiti Lake. Vacation homes. Spacious luxury homes. Spectacular townhouses that look like they were born there. Some of the first families are building already. The swim center and tennis courts, the campsites and picnic

areas will be done this Summer. Everywhere you look you see the fresh signs of change.

Maybe you'll want to invest in Cochiti Lake. You can't buy a homesite there because the Indians own the land, and they always will. But you can lease it for the next 96 years. (More than two thousand families have already chosen homesites at Cochiti Lake.) Maybe you'd like to visit there. It's a beautiful part of the world: Santa Fe is one of the oldest, most charming cities in America. There's super skiing at Taos. Albuquerque is growing every day.

There are great universities and enough history to keep you busy for another thousand years.

Don't you owe it to yourself to find out more about Cochiti Lake? It's easy enough to do. There are 4 Cochiti Lake

offices in the Chicago area. Call us at 312-297-1540. Cochiti Lake. It's easy to remember. It's the place where the Indians won.



Cochiti Lake.

Great Western Cities Inc. 131 Adams Street, N.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106

Let Us Give You Information

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Address _____

City _____

Zip _____

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Photographed at the original Grant distillery in Dufftown, Scotland.



In 1910, young Alan Grant discovered a new ingredient for making Scotch: music.

Today, it's not at all unusual to hear music in places of business. Alan Grant's the man who may have started it all.

Just like the young people of today, Alan was really into music. But when he had two pianos delivered to the distillery, the other members of the family thought he'd gone a bit too far.

Until they noticed how a little music on the job created a better working atmosphere for everybody.

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we Grants are still giving a lot of personal attention to making Grant's 8 Scotch. From the special blending of fine whiskies to the eight years of ageing that assures the smooth, light, balanced flavor. Because we're still a family-owned, family-operated business, just like we were in Alan's time.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch. And you share it every time you open the bottle.



Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 56 Proof, ©1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

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Next week

BASKETBALL'S BIG BASH: The confrontation will pit the Milwaukee Bucks against the Los Angeles Lakers, and Peter Carry will be reporting on how the (NBA) West won.

GETTING BY: with a little help from their friends the major leagues, are the minors. A report from the backwoods, where the farm teams are not dead—or even out on strike.

JACKIE STEWART, the world-champion driver, writes of speed, danger and death in an unusually candid behind-the-scenes appraisal of a "painful and illuminating" season.



What Florsheim is doing for you:



The Rivas featured here are styled to be right for suit or slacks weekend or weekday. This makes them fine travel shoes. What makes them great shoes is a specially tanned genuine leather that simply never needs polish. Rivas are light, have a cool signature lining, are only \$24.95, and never need polish. Other things being done include putting men into boots of all heights, maintaining the legendary authenticity of Imperial brogues, and the fact that Florsheim Shoes still start at \$19.95 and still stand for the finest of workmanship and materials. In these changing times Florsheim gets a lot done.

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**YOU CAN'T RECAPTURE THE 1920's
WITH JUST ONE PICTURE**



So **TIME LIFE BOOKS** has done it with 331 pictures like these



Ahead of her time. A too-dating bathing suit lands this protesting young lady in the arms of the law. Arrest took place in Chicago in 1922.



Tennis, again? These intraplane stunt flyers play it the hard way—on a plane 500 feet in the air.



"A Ford Return to Coaching Days." That was the appeal of the 1927 Lincoln. Sold to resemble a horse-drawn coach of earlier days. But the price was far from old-fashioned: \$9,500.

"To Walk a Mile for a Camel"



—for a "Miss" is as Good as a MILE



Prohibition brought out the ingenuity of Americans, who hid outlawed booze in everything from hollow chairs to Russian beds.



Hayday of Sheiks, to snare music (above), in movies and on collage campuses, the sheik was the rock of the day.

Examine Time-Life's dazzling album, **This Fabulous Century: 1920-1930**, free in your home for 10 days

In the 1920's there was no picture magazine called *Life* to capture and preserve the fads, fashions and fun of the time. But many of the photos, cartoons, ads and souvenirs that would have gone into such a magazine still exist—stored away in photo archives, library files, newspaper morgues and private collections.

To recreate this all-but-lost era, the editors of Time-Life Books have spent thousands of hours searching through hundreds of sources and carefully selecting the most eloquent illustration of that wonderful, wacky time.

The pictures above offer just a few glimpses of the fascinating volume which has resulted. But these few pictures simply can't do justice to this captivating book. So we'd like to send you the whole book. It's one of eight planned volumes which will permit Americans to relive, decade by decade *This Fabulous Century*.

In this captivating album, you'll see a whole gallery of photos and other mementos of the Roaring Twenties—331 marvelously expressive

illustrations in all. You'll see college "sheiks" and "sheikas," sports heroes and literary giants... flapper pants and mini skirts... flapper sisters and disreputable stunt fliers... early chain stores and ornate movie palaces.

And as the crisp captions and sparkling text, you'll read about the great Crash of 1929... Prohibition... the racketeers... the automobile revolution... early radio... the Jazz Age... the dance mania... the Mah-Jongg craze and more.

Enjoy this volume free for 10 days. Then return it if you wish. Or keep it and pay \$7.95, plus shipping and handling, and every other month thereafter we'll send you without obligation another volume in the eight-volume series. But you don't have to buy all eight volumes—each book is sent to you on approval, and you can cancel your subscription whenever you wish. To get the 1920's volume for free examination, just detach and mail the bound-in postpaid reply form. Or write Time-Life Books, Dept. 2501, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"These wild dances." Four swingers, 1920's-style, do their thing in a Charleston contest.



The sheik was the badge of the college man. Here it provides the accompaniment for some undergraduate harmony.

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Eight glorious volumes span "This Fabulous Century"



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- 1920-1910 "In My Merry Oldenbloom"
- 1910-1920 "Don't Be a Snacker"
- 1920-1930 "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"
- 1920-1940 The Party's Over
- 1940-1950 War and Its Aftermath
- 1950-1960 The Age of Space
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American's 747 LuxuryLiner.

The plane that other airlines have to live up to. It was the first to have a living-room size coach lounge, and

now it's the only one with a piano bar. There are many 747s, but only American Airlines has the LuxuryLiner.



American's DC-10 LuxuryLiner.

Its engines are virtually smokeless, and quieter than engines with half their power. The plane has all the comfort

features of a 747, with a lounge in coach and first class, but is also able to land in smaller airports across the country.

THE LUXURY FLEET. OTHER AIRLINE?



American's 707 B LuxuryJet. First Class.

You'll do a double take. It's the first and only 707 with a totally reconstructed interior. New walls and ceiling give the plane a wider, brighter look. You get more legroom, more headroom, overhead luggage compartments and when the center seat in coach is

empty, the armrests go up and a table folds down. (We introduced twin seating four years ago.) Many of our planes have already been converted to LuxuryJets, soon all will be. And while other airlines fly the 707 of the past, we're flying the 707 of the future.



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Serving The United States, Canada, Mexico and
The Caribbean. Ask your Travel Agent for The Luxury Fleet.

Our passengers get the best of everything.



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Founded 1792
8 PROOFS

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If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.

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RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.



BOOKTALK

There they go, fussing with the rules, just when we'd got the hang of the game.

On both sides of the Atlantic, in the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews and at the U.S. Golf Association here, the committees on rules beaver away on behalf of duffers everywhere. These backroom volunteers have now published the latest result of their labors—a spate of subtle adjustments to *The Rules of Golf* (USGA, 25¢).

Of the world's 15 million golfers, fewer than 100 would claim to know more than 10 or 12 of the 41 rules governing the game, so many of the amendments won't make much difference to most of us. But the changes have the effect of simplifying and clarifying several bread-and-butter rules we do occasionally consult.

The section on etiquette has been reframed to put the rule that covers slow play first. As always, a clear hole between the player and the golfers ahead is the signal to allow the group waiting behind to play through. Newcomers especially seem unaware of this convention and the emphasis may help.

Another amendment now makes it clear that sand and loose soil on the greens are classified as loose impediments, and they may be brushed aside with hand or club, but not on fairways. On the other hand, if your ball finds itself in an animal burrow, or casual water, or ground under repair, the new rules allow a drop two club-lengths away from the nearest edge of the unlucky area, instead of as close as possible to the spot, as before.

In the old days, it used to be perfectly legal if the ball, in being dropped over your shoulder, hit a protruding postcard and was deflected toward a favored spot. No more. Under the amended rules, if the ball strikes your person before it strikes the ground, it must be redropped. But if it hits your foot after touching the ground, it is all right to let it lie.

For the first time the rules recognize the automotive golf cart, and clarify the status of one that is shared by two players. If the person driving runs over a ball—his own or an opponent's—he incurs a one-stroke penalty.

A refinement governing tournament play now extends the authority of referees in interference calls to the putting surface. Officials have always had the right to rule that a ball had been deliberately stopped or deflected by a fan from going into a hazard between tee and green, and now that goes for similar monkeyshines on the greens. So if Arnie's Army forms ranks and saves its hero's ball from rolling off the putting surface into a lake, the referee—if he sees it and has the courage—will have to pick it up and toss it into the water.

I can't wait to see that happen.

—PETER DOBEREINER

Take-along Stereo.

You don't have to settle for monaural any more when you go to the beach or the park or on a picnic.

Just take along a Sony MR-9300WA. It's a portable stereo radio that's as easy to take along as any good monaural, because it weighs less than 6 lbs. with batteries.

And as easy to operate because you don't have to swing out or detach any speakers.

The 9300WA has three speakers, but they're mounted side-by-side inside the radio.

They disperse the sound into the air in front of the radio, eliminating the "hole-in-the-middle" effect, and give you a much fuller sound than is possible from conventional, two-speaker stereo radios.



Why it doesn't need separated speakers to create stereo sound.

Besides three stereo speakers, the all-solid-state 9300WA has FM with AFC to driftproof your station, AM stereo indicator light, and an AC cord.

Remember, though, it's not the three speakers that make it a great portable stereo radio.

It's the sound.

The SONY one-piece Portable Stereo Radio

Instead of telling us not to smoke, maybe they should tell us what to smoke.

For years, a lot of people have been telling the smoking public not to smoke cigarettes, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine.

But the simple fact is that now more Americans are smoking than ever before. Evidently many people like to smoke and will keep on liking to smoke no matter what any one says or how many times they say it.

Since the cigarette critics are concerned about high 'tar' and nicotine, we would like to offer a constructive proposal.

Perhaps, instead of telling us not to smoke cigarettes, they can tell us what to smoke.

For instance, perhaps they ought to recommend that the American public smoke Vantage cigarettes.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be straightforward. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette.

But it well may be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette a smoker will enjoy smoking. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine. The truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar'.

But what good is a low 'tar' cigarette if the smoker has to work so hard trying to pull the flavor through, he feels like he's sucking on a pencil?

Vantage gives the smoker flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. But it's the only cigarette that gives him so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

A statement of simple fact we believe all of us can endorse. And that you can experience in your next pack of cigarettes.



12 mg.
0.8 mg.
tar
nicotine
FILTER and MENTHOL

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).

7 cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family

(a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to

his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



The \$3,900 Audi
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS \$3,850. U.S. Audi models start at \$3,895. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi a division of Volkswagen.



We've got more new GM cars than anyone else in the world.

Good thing, too. Because we rent more GM cars than anyone else in the world.

As a matter of fact, on any given day we can put upwards of fifty thousand people on the road.

And that fact, we must confess, staggers us a bit.

Why, it seems like just yesterday we were just a small car rental company. And here we are bucking heads with the big boys in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, L.A. And just about

every other city you can name.

Not to mention all those cities you probably can't name.

Today, there are actually some 2,400 National counters where we can put you behind the wheel of a '72 Chevy (or some other fine car).

But as grown up as we've become, we haven't outgrown our quaint way of thanking you for your business. We thank

you with good old S&H Green Stamps.

Another perhaps quaint attitude we haven't outgrown. We think reservations are sacred.

When you call to tell us when and where you want a car, that's it. We don't intend to let anyone else rent the car we promise to save for you.

We're determined to treat you like you were still our only customer in the world.

To reserve a car in the U.S. and elsewhere in the world call 800-328-4567 toll free.



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make an
unexpected move...

Surprise
people

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COLLECT
\$200.00 SALARY
AS YOU PASS

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For every type of yard you can think of, Huffy has thought of a mower.

Twenty-two different models, in fact. Making the choice pretty simple, depending on what you like.

If it's economy, try the Huffy® Fairlane® push rotary mower, with a rugged steel deck, 3-horsepower engine, and easy rolling wheels.

Or take it easy with a Huffy self-propelled rotary. Like the Rancher®, full of V⁶ horses and cutting a 21-inch wide swath.

Or there's the Bravallawr® riding mower. Backed by 8-horsepower and a 26-inch cut. And it's built like all Huffy mowers. Tough. Rugged. Dependable.

To make mowing even easier and faster, take a look at the Huffy Cuprice lawn tractor. With features like 8-horsepower, electric start, cushion ride seat with shock absorber. A 32-inch cut. Pedal controls. Even a floating deck.

The point is, no matter what size or type your yard, there's a Huffy mower that's made for it.

And priced for you.

You'll find them at the stores with the biggest bargains in town. Backed by over 1800 service centers. Hufman, Dayton, Ohio 45401.



If the grass looks a little greener
on our side, it is.



Huffy mowers are, in fact, 100% V⁶ engine riders, push and self-propelled models. And Huffy makes others, too.



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

ADVANTAGE, RUSH

Professional tennis' pretensions to the big time were blown to bits once again last week in Houston. Monday's first round for the River Oaks World Championship Tennis tournament was a virtual sellout, mostly because Arthur Ashe and Rod Laver had matches that day. But a few hours before he was to take the court against Fred Stolle, Laver informed World Championship Tennis that a morning promotional appearance at a local store would leave him insufficient time to prepare for play. To accommodate their No. 1 star, WCT postponed the Laver-Stolle match to the following day.

Ashe was to meet Ismail El Shafai, but as El Shafai was dressing to go on the court word came that Ashe was not even in Houston. Rumors said he was in Omaha for a promotional appearance there. Like Laver, Ashe was not obliged to default. His match against El Shafai was merely shifted to another day when it would not conflict with his personal business.

No effort was made to compensate the short-changed paying customers. Instead, side-court matches featuring Owen Davidson and Tom Leonard were moved to the grandstand. As if to add insult to the fans' injury, Laver came out and practiced on a side court.

It becomes increasingly difficult to care who wins the tennis war, especially since it appears that no fans will be left if ever a verdict is reached. In the meantime customers in tour cities might do well to wait at least until Tuesday before digging down for admission money.

WISHFUL THINKING

George Allen of the Redskins invited Darrell Royal of Texas and Royal's defensive coach, Mike Campbell, to Washington recently to talk about the Wishbone T. Pro teams have shown only slight interest in the Wishbone as a possible offensive formation, and all Allen wanted to know was how to stop it, just in

case any of his opponents chance to spring it on him.

After returning to Texas, Campbell suggested that the pros might be wise to adopt the Wishbone. Commenting on the pro scoring drought (100 fewer touchdowns in 1971 than in 1969), he said, "The worst thing the pros do is score from inside the five-yard line. People say that's because the defenses are so much better. Maybe so. But some of it may be poor offense. When they use only two backs the way they do, there's nobody to block."

So the three-back Wishbone may be the answer, no matter how emphatically the professionals dismiss it.

NEW SOUND

A list of currently popular recordings in Great Britain has something called The Chelsea Football Team, singing *Blue Is the Color*, in the No. 4 spot. Blue happens to be the color of the stripe in the uniform of London's Chelsea soccer club (\$4, May 11, 1970), and the singers on the record turn out to be just what the label says: the Chelsea football team. Thinking of the buying public, a recording executive said: "Let's hope they think Chelsea is a new group, and I might have an international hit. With a bit of luck they'll never realize they're singing through their boots."

JOHAN

A fellow named Mackey Wittman is feeling justifiably nervous these days. Wittman played a lot of basketball for the University of Miami a few years ago. Not to the level of his roommate Rick Barry, of course, but he did score more than 1,300 points as a varsity player. He also had played as a freshman at Loyola of New Orleans before transferring to Miami. Miami gave up basketball last year; Loyola is giving it up this year. Wittman was drafted by the St. Louis Hawks after his college career ended. He was eventually cut but not before he had put his mark on St. Louis: soon

after his brief tenure there the franchise left town for Atlanta. Wittman was also drafted by the Anaheim Amigos of the ABA. You don't remember the Amigos, and no wonder. They disappeared the following year.

Wittman reestablished his amateur standing and joined the famous Phillips 66 Oilers of Bartlesville, Okla. The Oilers had been playing as an organized team since 1920. Wittman played one season with them. The day he left, the team disbanded. Undaunted, he joined the crack Goodyear Wingfoots of Akron, who had been a team for half a century. What happened to the Wingfoots? They gave up the sport.

Wittman says he is currently confining his efforts to YMCA basketball. He admits he is worrying about the imminent demise of Christianity. And because he now works for Goodyear in public relations, he is keeping a close eye on the Goodyear blimp.

COUTURIER

On pocket lines or baselines, major league players are wearing stylish double-knit uniforms this season. Harold Bowman of Wilson Sporting Goods, which makes uniforms for 16 big-league clubs, says



almost all of Wilson's customers have ordered what the company calls "warp-knits" instead of traditional flannel. Well, sort of traditional flannel. For the last dozen years or so, baseball flannel had been a blend of synthetics instead of the sturdy wool that used to flap around second basemen's thighs.

"You'd be surprised the way men's styles carry over into the sport uniform field," Bowman says. "Soon after men began wearing flared pants, basketball teams were ordering flared bottoms for

continued

There are two cars built in Sweden.

This is the one with bumpers that do what bumpers are supposed to do.



Bumpers were originally put on cars to protect the body and to keep little annoying bumps from becoming big expensive repair bills.

Somewhere along the line, however, the stylists forgot what bumpers were all about. And instead of bumpers that protected the car, people had to buy bumper guards to protect the bumpers.

Our car — the new Saab 99E — has changed all that. It has bumpers that do what bumpers are supposed to do. Absorb impact and protect the car in low speed collisions.

The new bumpers on the Saab

99E are unique in the automotive industry. They already meet the 1973 Federal Safety Standards for low speed collisions.

But they go way beyond that. The Saab 99E can take a 5 mph front end and a 2½ mph rear end collision with a barrier without any damage. No dents. No scratches. Nothing.

That's why it's the only car anywhere that qualifies for a 15% discount on collision insurance rates at Allstate.

Of course, Saab's impact absorbing bumpers aren't the only feature that makes our car different

from the other car built in Sweden.

Our car has front wheel drive for a firmer grip on rain-slick roads, a special "hot seat" to warm you up faster on cold days, a dual diagonal braking system, and rack and pinion steering for better handling.

But the best way to tell the difference between our car and their car is to drive them both.

Once you've done that, we think you'll want to buy our car. The Saab 99E.

SAAB 99E

Before you buy theirs, drive ours.

There's only one time World Champion Jackie Stewart takes off his Rolex.

When he puts on his fireproof underwear.

This only happens when the world's premier auto racer dons his famous tartan helmet and climbs into the cockpit of his Tyrrell-Ford.

No matter, though. There's scant time to take his eyes off the track when blistering down the straightaways at speeds exceeding 160 mph.

The race over, Jackie Stewart's Rolex is right back on his wrist.

Our craftsmen are honored that a man whose life often hangs on split-second timing picks Rolex for his personal timepiece.

Such confidence is not misplaced.

Everything about a Rolex brings it to the pinnacle of the watchmaker's art.

The Oyster case is hewn from a solid block of gold or stainless steel.

The patented Twinlock winding crown screws down onto the case (similar to a submarine hatch) to provide an utterly secure barrier against water and dirt.

The Rolex crystal is meticulously diamond-cut for a micro-perfect match with its case. And ingeniously designed so that it actually seals tighter under pressure. (Deep underwater, for instance.)

Into this practically impregnable case goes the peerless Perpetual movement.

Each is made the Old World way. With pride. And patience. By dedicated Swiss watchmakers, heirs to a tradition of excellence.

One at a time, the movements are hand-tuned to exceptional accuracy.



A gravity-powered rotor (invented by Rolex) means that wrist movement does the winding, the wearer never needs to give it a thought.

Every single Rolex movement is submitted to one of the impartial Swiss Institutes for Chronometer Tests for 15 full days of rigid trials. Only on passing does it win the coveted "Chronometer" rating. (Although Rolex accounts

for only a tiny fraction of all Swiss watch production, nearly half of all the chronometer certificates ever awarded have gone to Rolex.)

Even so, Rolex' own inspectors then put each one through final tests before giving it their stamp of approval.

A lot of work? Yes. But that's what makes a Rolex a Rolex.

That's why Jackie Stewart prizes his. And why sportsmen and adventurers are invariably Rolex men. And why Rolex is the official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. And why most of the world's heads of state, men who have scaled the heights, proudly pick Rolex over all others.

Rolex. A sign of a special kind of man.

You'll feel it the minute you wear a Rolex of your own.

Each Rolex earns the recognition it enjoys. You know the feeling.



ROLEX



The Rolex Oyster Day-Date: a 30-jewel, self-winding chronometer (with day available in 18 languages) in 18 kt. gold, \$1300 with bracelet #7286. Also in 18 kt. white gold or platinum.

their warmup suits. When kids took to hip-hugger pants, we began getting orders for hip-hugger football pants, particularly from schools in the Southwest. Now the same thing is happening to double-knits and baseball.

"The double-knits are ideal for baseball uniforms. For one thing, they feel just beautiful. They give lots of freedom but also have a snug, trim fit—but no matter how snug that fit is, the uniforms have plenty of give.

"The double-knits also let us do a lot more with color. The San Diego Padres have ordered gold knit uniforms and the Chicago White Sox blue. And wait until you see the new Texas Rangers uniforms. They have an elastic waistband, and the players don't need to wear belts. The waistband is 2½" wide and has red, white and blue stripes matching the trim of the cuffs and collars.

"I've been in this business for 30 years, and for a long time I've thought someone ought to do something to dress up baseball uniforms, something that would hit the spectator in the eye. Now we've got it. Even though a team may be playing bad, at least it will look good."

IN THING

Chess, that creaking old game, is catching on everywhere. *The Chicago Tribune* hired as a chess columnist Grand Master Larry Evans, whose first appearance in print was accompanied by a chess contest for readers. It was not a very big contest; first prize was a chess book. But hundreds of telephone calls were received that first day, and more than 1,000 responses came in from readers in 20 states and Canada. Sounds as though chess might last as long as the Hula Hoop.

A GOOD STEP BACKWARD

Some people in the state of Michigan are kind of excited, and should be, about a move to permit girls to compete with boys in varsity sports. A girl at Berkley High in suburban Detroit was not allowed to play on her high school tennis team. She appealed to State Senator Daniel Cooper, who introduced a bill that would let girls compete on varsity teams in noncontact sports. The bill passed the state senate and went on to the house of representatives. The Michigan High School Athletic Association fought it because, says MHSAA President John Cotton, "It is strictly illegal for girls to compete on boys' teams. Sen-

ate Bill 1082 gives the MHSAA control of high school sports, and the MHSAA handbook says, 'Girls are not to engage in interscholastic athletic contests when part or all of the membership of one or both of the competing teams is composed of boys.'" (This convoluted bit of prose makes one wonder what the "part" of the team would be that is not boy and cannot be girl.)

At about the same time, two girls at Huron High in Ann Arbor who regularly defeated boys in tennis practice but could not play for Huron's team appealed to the local board of education, and the board unanimously agreed that the girls could be on the varsity whether or not the legislature completed passage of the Cooper bill.

Hurrah for Ann Arbor. And Senator Cooper. Opponents argue that sex segregation is necessary to protect the girls' interscholastic athletic program, but that argument seems bureaucratic and contrived, at least to one who recalls the tennis team that represented Gorton High School of Yonkers, N.Y. in the 1930s: Libby Ostruk, a pretty girl and a whale of a tennis player, was No. 3 "man" on the four-player "boys" tennis team. Aside from a slight resentment that a girl could play tennis better than all but two boys in the school, there was not a great deal of fuss and bother. There must have been dozens of similar instances back then. What has happened around the country since to create the problem that Michigan and other states are having so much trouble trying to solve?

BREAKTHROUGH

From San Francisco comes word that a book has been written on bar dice, that favorite sport of golfers and other drinkers. The book has a title commensurate with its importance: *Complete Rules and Strategies For More Than 80 Different Bar Dice . . . GAMES THEY PLAY IN SAN FRANCISCO . . . Including BOYS, LIARS, 4-5-6, HORSE, INDIAN, TURNERS, SKIP CAPTAIN, SELECTION-REJECTION, ZILCH, YAKTZIE, RED DOG AND MANY OTHERS.*

The author is Jester Smith, a pseudonym. Smith has put the probability factors of the various games through a computer, but the 105-page book is far from being a dull compendium. Smith says he has played all the games and he analyzes, as they do in poker books, the various types of players and the tricks they use, including the subtle change

from strategy to plain old cheating. "A friend of mine did not want me to write this book," the author claims. "He said he spent \$5,000 learning to play bar dice, not to mention another \$20,000 he'd blown on drinks. Now, for \$5, amateurs will have the information it took him 10 years to learn."

Drink up. Wanna roll for the check?

FRENCH REVOLUTION

Since cooking ranks as No. 2 sport in France (according to the French, No. 1 is something called *belote*), it is worth noting that there is a lot of talk about a culinary revolution over there. So much talk in fact that the international press has got into the act, along with France's own newspapers, every last one of which has a dictatorial gastronomy column. It is still difficult to tell what the precise aims of the revolution are, but in general haute cuisine (as exemplified by La Tour d'Argent's pressed duckling) is out and simplicity is in. Even the mighty *Guide Michelin* is in trouble, with a younger, livelier index to good food, the *Guide Kliber*, listing dozens of small bistros the *Michelin* would never even give a nod to. This is no doubt a healthy trend, but for those of us who have been accustomed to looking to the French to tell us whether to drink pink or purple with the roast vulture, it is rather a let-down to know that we can now make the gastronomic pilgrimage to Paris for what?—a perfect, pure, pork chop.

THEY SAID IT

• Larry MacPhail, who ran three major league baseball teams: "If Bowie Kuhn had made them select four player representatives and four club owners for each league and made them sit down in the same room and talk, this thing could have been settled in an hour and a half. That's exactly what Judge Landis would have done. He'd have locked them in a room and not opened the door until they reached a settlement."

• Billy Truax, Dallas Cowboy end, on what leg injuries did to his speed last year: "You could have clocked me with a sandial."

• Phil Jackson, New York Knick forward, after his fight with Jack Marin of the Baltimore Bullets: "I don't even remember which hand I hit him with. I've got a poor memory. Like the other night, I stole the ball and I couldn't even remember which hand I had it in." **END**

JEEP WINS AGAIN!



The Mint "400". One of the roughest, off-road races in the world.

Each year, the biggest names in racing are drawn to the challenge of the Mint . . . a challenge that demands the best from machine and driver alike.

Jeep took on that challenge on March 20th and came out a winner. Here's how:

In Class IV (2-wheel drive utility and 4-wheel drive vehicles), 46 entrants started the race. Only nine were around at the finish, including four specially equipped Jeep vehicles.

And once again, Jeep took top honors. A modified Jeep CJ-5, driven by Art Archer and Sherman Balch, of Hayward, California, outdistanced Bronco, Blazer, Toyota, Scout and Suzuki by a whopping two hours and twenty minutes.

But their toughest competition came from —you guessed it—another Jeep. Spike

Cooper and Mike Zeller nailed down the second spot in a 26 year old Jeep original. (You might say the next best thing to a new Jeep is an old one.)

That's Jeep Guts. The guts that keep performing—and winning—year after year. Check the records for the Mint "400", the Baja 1000 and all the others.

Your Jeep dealer has more information on the features that can make you a winner . . . even if you never enter a race.

**Toughest
4-letter word on wheels.**

 **Jeep**





POA JACK BEATS HIMSELF

In winning his fourth Masters, Jack Nicklaus had only two problems—*Jack Nicklaus* and an annoying infestation of blotchy weed by **DAN JENKINS**

Poa annua and poa Jack. It was that kind of a week down in ol' Augusta. Poa annua, honey, been gone for so long, galavantin' around the countryside. Get in that kitchen and fix up those biscuits. Get off those greens you done made slicker 'n Sam Snead's head, and you stop botherin' Jack Nicklaus. And Jack, you come in this house. Land sakes if you're not out there acting like you never been here before. Out there playin' against yourself and the record book and Bobby Jones and all that nonsense instead of just settlin' down and winnin' this old Masters Tournament by 25 or 30 strokes like you supposed to do. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jack Nicklaus. And Poa annua, you just shut up and get in there with the pans.

That's how it was. Poa annua and Jack Nicklaus in the Masters all week long. *Poa annua* is that weed grass that comes around every four or five years to infest Augusta and turn the Masters greens blotchy. It makes the greens uneven, bumpy, fast, unpredictable, unreadable and it sends the scores soaring higher than Nicklaus' career. And who is Jack Nicklaus? Well, he's more than ever the greatest golfer of our time, for after beating everybody else, last week he proved that he can even beat himself. He must be the toughest opponent he's ever faced.

Think of it this way. Jack Nicklaus won the Masters this time by three strokes in a manner that would do honor to all the crippled and wounded of highway intersections everywhere. But the thing is, Jack was supposed to win the Masters more than he was ever sup-

posed to win it before. And, believe it or not, that makes it harder. Everybody sits around and talks about how the pros really get uptight over all the money they play for, but that is a myth that can be filed away with people who claim they see a goal scored in ice hockey.

A golfer playing against the record book, his aspirations, immortality, eternity, the Grand Slam, his own private ambitions, and even his own embarrassment is a man who has chosen a pretty strong lineup of opponents. Jack Nicklaus was such a person last week, and that is the only thing that made the Masters as close as it was.

That's what made Nicklaus come limping down the stretch over those last few holes, trying to play it cozy, trying not to let the Masters slip away to some guy who didn't want it in the first place. He went to the 11th hole of the last round with a five-stroke lead on the pack, which included somebody named Jim Jameson, and he was supposed to get you excited? You've got to be drunker than most everybody under the umbrellas on the veranda.

Nicklaus was only worried about fate, a weird fate that would keep him from winning his fourth Masters, the 12th major championship of his life, moving him up ahead of Walter Hagen and now only one back of Bobby Jones. It would also put him another step closer to being, beyond any logical argument, the greatest golfer who ever lived, overlapped, interlocked or putting on *Poa annua*.

Fate tried hard, of course. It grabbed hold of Jack and made him three-putt the 11th hole for a bogey, three-putt the 13th for a par, three-putt the 14th for

continued

another bogey and, the third day in a row, play the 15th hole like a guy trying to move the hot dog to the hand with the binoculars in it. The 15th is a par-5 hole that Nicklaus could go back out to right now and with nothing but a driver and four-iron—forget the putter, he'll kick the ball—play four balls and make three fours and a three.

Put him in the Masters, though, and throw all that immortality up against him, plus the fact that he's going to be so humiliated if he doesn't win, and he'll go out there and make a seven on Friday, a five on Saturday, and on Sunday he'll make a six, always hitting some kind of second shot that threatens to bounce clear to the parking lot.

The fact is that the Augusta National course with its famed greens played so difficult last week—the most difficult since 1966, when Nicklaus last won—that Jack could lead the field all the way after an opening 68 and afford the luxury of going 36 holes on Saturday and Sunday in three over par.

If Nicklaus' winning total of 286—only two under par—was not proof enough of the sad greens, how about the fact that only three other players broke 290, and one of them was Jameson? His main claims to fame are that he comes from Illinois, across the river from Jack Fleck, and that he works with a set of clubs that includes a couple of Pings, three Spaldings, three

Power-Bits, a Hagen, a Hogan, three Goldcrafts and a putter he bought in a department store in Orlando.

It was an old-fashioned Masters, actually, including as it did the *Poa annua*, some wind, some chilly weather, a low round by Sam Snead, a hole in one by Charles Coody on Billy Joe Patton's 6th hole, the high scores, a variety of double bogeys and a few triple bogeys.

Constantly the big leader boards argued with one's intellect, especially on the first day, the most exciting of all: Snead, a 59-year-old man with a putting style that looks as if he's bending over to tie his shoe, had a 69. Then Coody with his hole in one at the 6th to put him four under par. So on the next hole he takes four shots—in the same bunker. Finally, Nicklaus, looking like the player he is. His eagle 3 at the 15th took command.

From this point on the only question that remained was whether Nicklaus would whip himself. Slowly, the *Poa annua* would take everybody out of it, forcing three-putt greens, making recovery chips and pitches next to impossible. Nicklaus succeeded because just enough of his game held together to conquer his mind.

His driving was good, but his irons were unsettling, and his recovery shots were pretty awful. What kept him on top was his attitude, his ability to smile at his own mistakes, his refusal to become demoralized by the *Poa annua* and the short putts he missed.

"Trying to play safe is the worst thing in the world," Nicklaus said. "I don't think I would have looked so bad there at the last if I'd been forced to throw the ball at the hole. When you start playing safe. . ."

Jack admitted he had become a bit testy over the constant badgering he got about the Grand Slam, and the fact that his legs were never working right on his iron shots.

"You come here to savor the Masters," he said. "It stands alone. I don't think about winning the Masters as part of the Slam. You want to win the Masters because of what it means to the game; what Bob Jones meant."

He never truthfully worked out the problem with the legs. There was wind and when there's wind you don't use the legs as much; you swing more stiffly, occasionally eliminating the full follow-through. Each night Jack practiced until almost dark, testing.

Jim Jameson, who did a lot of jumping for joy, finally fell victim to Augusta's pressure





Tom Watson came as close as anyone else.

"I've played better here and didn't win, but the course changes and the field changes," he said.

One change in this year's field was that it included Lee Trevino, who became a part of the proceedings even though he played golf like one of the aging members on the tour. He had not been to Augusta in two years and he had said a lot of things about the place. Clifford Roberts, chairman of the Augusta National Golf Club, cooled him, delightfully. After his third round, Trevino went to the press building and did his usual comic routine, but as he was leaving Roberts approached. Trevino stopped for a radio interview. Roberts stood by. It seemed obvious that he was waiting for Lee, and it seemed obvious that Lee was taking his own sweet time.

Roberts finally left, wandering up the hill to the clubhouse. Lee started up the same hill and as he passed Roberts' office, Cliff stepped outside. Whether he noticed Roberts or not, Trevino kept walking. But a club member on Trevino's left hollered to him, pointing at Roberts. The two shook hands and Cliff said, "Have you got a half minute?"

"I got to do a TV thing," said Trevino.

There was an awkward pause and eventually the TV man said, "I'll wait."

Whereupon Roberts put his arm around Trevino and they walked into Roberts' office. They stayed there about 25 minutes and came out together. They walked up the driveway and into the

main entrance to the clubhouse and into the Trophy Room where they stood and chatted about Bobby Jones' old clubs in the glassed-in case.

"He only hit two shots with the sand wedge," said Cliff, talking about Jones.

"I guess he played in a lot of rocks," said Trevino.

They chatted on and on, amid laughter and in a perfectly friendly atmosphere. And Trevino said he would definitely return to the Masters.

Roberts said, "I was decidedly charmed by that fellow. One of the nicest things about this week is that we've got our relationship straightened out."

And Trevino said, "I really enjoyed that. He's a nice man."

The attention paid to Trevino just went to prove how times have changed. Somehow it seemed that Augusta's alltime favorite, Arnold Palmer, was not fawned over as in the past. The crowds were his, of course, but Palmer had a ruling go against him, something that might not have happened for a long time. It occurred on the second day and it not only cost him a stroke but catapulted him into such a bad frame of mind it probably cost him the triple bogey that took him out of contention.

At the 9th hole on Friday Palmer had his second shot come to rest in a depression caused by a chair seat by the green. He thought he deserved a free lift. He played his ball and made a bogey 5. He next played a provisional ball and made a par. He then went to the back nine, the incident under review.

What angered him was that he knew, or believed he knew, that the chair had been occupied by a tournament official. If so, he reasoned, it was no different from a TV tower or something you can freely drop away from. The full rules committee said no, and this news was delivered on the 12th tee, before Palmer was about to play the most dangerous hole on the course, that marvelous par-3 over Rae's Creek. Palmer promptly hit an eight-iron into the front bunker, hit the bunker shot over the green, slashed back across the green into the front bunker again, blasted out and missed a three-foot putt for a triple-bogey 6. He snarled all the way—about the ruling, the bunker, the greens, all the ships at sea and the eight years since he last won a Masters.

Meanwhile, Nicklaus was left to join

Palmer as the only other four-time Masters winner. And in so doing Jack established himself as a man who has now taken the tournament in just about every conceivable way. He took it coming down the stretch by a stroke. That was when he first won it, nine years ago, over Tony Lema. He won it by shooting records, a 64 and a 271 and by nine strokes. That was in 1965. He won in a playoff, and back to back, in 1966. And now he has won it clumsily, with a 68-71-73-74, frightened only of destiny and that old honey child, *Poa annua*.

And, of course, frightened by himself. The toughest opponent he has ever had to face.

END

Sam Snead hit his high point the first day.





A HEAVY LOSS TO A LIGHT HEAVY

Vicente Rondon was the light-heavyweight champion (two pounds overweight) and so was Bob Foster. So the pair hed it out in Miami, and after two terrified rounds Rondon (above) was out for good by MARTIN KANE

The weigh-in, conducted in a spirit of rancor and confusion, wound up in a dispute reminiscent of the Dempsey-Tunney long count at Chicago way back in 1927. Bob Foster, a deputy sheriff from Albuquerque who was recognized by the World Boxing Council as light-heavyweight champion of the world, came in to the Miami Beach Convention Hall weighing 175 pounds, precisely the upper limit of the division. Vicente Rondon, a Venezuelan recognized as light-heavyweight champion by the World Boxing Association, weighed 177, which made him a heavyweight by any definition except that of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission, which studiously ignored the scales though they had been tested and approved by the Dade County weights and measures department. Charlie Bookbinder of the commission clearly announced Rondon's weight as 177, and then for some reason laughed. Others laughed later when he denied that he had said it. In any event, the commission ruled that the fighters weighed a neat 175 pounds each, by fiat if not by the scales, and with \$50,000 guaranteed to both contestants, a sum that light heavyweights don't see very often, nobody was about to argue. Leastwise, not Lou Viscusi, Foster's manager, who said, "Their guy is over the limit. We can't lose the light-heavy title."

It was all academic. Foster knocked out Rondon in 2 minutes 55 seconds of the second round and is now beyond question the light-heavyweight champion in everyone's eyes and is being widely hailed as the hardest puncher the division has known. It might even be true. Rondon was down and out far longer than the 10 seconds counted over him by Referee Cy Gontfired. Perhaps for as long as two minutes he lay face down on the canvas, his heels twitching, causing considerable alarm. It was announced later that he could not attend a press conference because he had suffered a concussion. All knockouts are concussions. Rondon had suffered an embarrassment.

When the fighters came into the ring before 6,131 fans—some of whom had even paid the \$50 top for ringside seats—it was clear that Rondon, dressed in red and gold trunks, was apprehensive. His sensitive features could not conceal fear. The only disgrace was that while almost all intelligent boxers feel fear, they usually manage to hide it.

During the first round, Rondon stayed away from Foster, hunting shelter along the ropes and in the corners, and if the object was to make the bout a race rather than a fight, he was successful. Foster's jabs, among the best ever seen, were falling short. Approaching the Venezuelan in that sideways, crablike, left-head-

ing style that makes him so hard to hit—only his left flank is exposed—Foster let almost two minutes go by before he landed even moderately solid blows. Then his punches began to take effect. There were two quick jabs to the belly and chest, a right and a hook to the head, another right and left to the jaw and a right to the belly. All these punches scored solidly. Just before the bell ended the round, Rondon landed his one scoring punch, a feeble right to the head. It was not enough to impress anyone, to say nothing of Foster.

Between rounds Rondon's corner exhorted him to make a fight of it, an inside fight, his most effective style, and to his credit Rondon did his best to follow orders. He walked into two jabs but then, to the delight of his fellow Latin Americans, he actually scored with a right to the head and he followed that with a jab. In return, Rondon took a few punches, but they appeared to sting him into what up to then was the best action of the fight.

Rondon got inside Foster's long left and proceeded to tangle at close quarters, safe country. There was a furious flurry of punches from both men, but in the end it was Rondon who broke off, discovering the country wasn't all that safe. Seconds later, Rondon went down from a left and right to the head that, in fairness, might have been aided



by a slip. Before a count could begin, he was up, his nose bleeding slightly. Foster next landed a couple of good jabs, but then both stood, as two in wonder. Suddenly Foster threw a combination that consisted of a powerful right and two hooks. The right really did it. Rondon was on his way to the canvas when the other blows caught him. That is when he began to twitch.

The lanky Foster—he stands a slender 6' 3½" and looks as if he had the punching power of a healthy girl—moved quickly away from his fallen foe as Gottfried began the count. The now undisputed champion's face was creased with a grin so broad that it distorted his Fu Manchu mustache. At the instant the count was completed, Rondon's seconds rushed to his aid but were cautioned not to get him up until he had regained full consciousness.

It had been a true grudge fight all the way, by no means faked for promotion purposes. Foster was consumed with hatred for the World Boxing Association because it stripped him of his title 15 months ago. He despised the Miami Beach commission, an aggregation of restaurateurs and car salesmen, because of its inept, self-serving handling of the weigh-in. And he had not the least love for Rondon.

Through an interpreter, Rondon had said before the fight that he was not impressed by reports of Foster's punching power. "I like to get hit hard," he said naively. "It wakes me up and makes me fight harder." This time it made him sleep better.

In training, Rondon had looked to be a more worthy opponent than, in retrospect, he was. Two inches shorter than

Foster, he was strong and showed he could be particularly damaging on the inside with his uppercut. No light-heavyweight ever had beaten him. Since the WBA awarded him Foster's championship on the strength of a victory over swift Jimmy Dupree, Rondon had defended his version of the title four times.

Neither had Foster ever been defeated by a light heavyweight. The fight that did him in with the WBA was against Joe Frazier, who was to win the heavyweight championship four months later. Frazier knocked Foster out in the second round, and the WBA said sternly that Foster should have been fighting light heavyweights. Maybe so, except a man would like to make a little money out of his championship, and nowhere was there a light heavyweight with the drawing power of Joe Frazier.

Thus it was that Foster entered this fateful match—it was promoted as the showdown—with a heart that rankled against injustice. And when victory finally came, it did not soothe the vengeful Foster. He paid none of the customary graceful tributes to his opponent's courage and skill.

"He was scared to death," the now undubitable champion declared at the postmortem. "And he's dumb. I'd just as soon it had gone the full 15 rounds so I could have punished him." Not very sporting, but understandable under the circumstances.

It was only the weigh-in that made the fight memorable. Rondon had spent the two previous days wearing a sweat suit and a worried look. When he came to the scales he was obviously unhappy about something. Weight? He got on the scales. Bookbinder made his call, and his gaffe.

But pragmatists make the calls in this sport. Although it was clear that Rondon was dehydrated and could not lose another pound, he was going to make the weight if it took the weight of the commission to insure it.

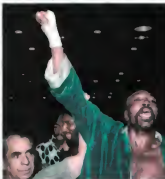
When the fighters came into the ring that night their weights were brazenly announced as 175. Manager Viscusi had said bravely and philosophically, "If they want me to fight heavyweights, I will fight heavyweights. We're still champions, no matter what. We'll fight, and we'll have the title, regardless."

In an aside, Viscusi disclosed that on his own personal scales, Foster had weighed less than 175 pounds a half hour before the weigh-in. "He weighed 174 and a heavy half," the manager said. "It was a little more than 174½ and not quite three-quarters."

And that was the end of it, so far as everyone connected with the fight was concerned. It was also the end of Rondon's brief reign.

END

Viscusi Foster gives a champion's whoop



Certainly there was more to it than just John Roche. There were other New York Nets out there last week, scrambling and jostling and dunking and generally shocking the stuffings out of the Kentucky Colonels, the ABA's answer to the Mongol hordes—or at least to the Los Angeles Lakers. But when it came to hard brass, to downright punk-kid audacity, it was Roche, coolly dribbling, dribbling and brazenly shooting from somewhere out beyond the popcorn stand, who had enough all by himself to stun the Colonels.

His late-model Pete Maravich haircut flopping (dryly, of course) and his pointy, pale Black Irish face pursed in a boyish mirror of his boldness, Roche bucked Kentucky into a desperate corner. He led the Nets, whose two top scorers, Rick Barry and Bill Melchioni, were unable to play, to the 100-92 victory that gave New York a 3-1 lead in this playoff series. It was one of those rare sports events in which a team clearly and badly outmanned puts its inferior parts together perfectly and wins on guile, intuition and a special, nourishing sense of desperation.

Those parts that make up the Nets all learned their basketball in New York City, New Jersey and Philadelphia, where intuition—bred in countless three-on-three playground games—is the essence of the sport. In its third win over Kentucky, New York discarded its offensive patterns, most of which were designed to open shots for Barry. Instead, the crew played a glorious schoolyard game: pick-and-roll, give-and-go, hit the open man and, occasionally, let someone go it all alone, one-on-one.

Roche, the 22-year-old rookie from Manhattan's East 66th Street and the University of South Carolina (often called East 66th Street South), was the focus of it all. Floating like that old soap commercial, he controlled the ball 99 and 44/100% of the time. He drove off picks and hit teammates coming around. He used his deft crossover, between-the-legs and behind-the-back dribbles to penetrate down the lane, where he passed off to other, open Nets or pulled up beyond his 6' 3" to fire floaters over the looming inner Kentucky defense of 6' 9" Dan Issel and 7' 2" Artis Gilmore. Roche scored his pro high of 38 points. And in the end—after the team had used up all its inventiveness merely staying even with the Colonels—

MAKING A POINT—PLAYGROUND STYLE

The outcome of the series wasn't as important at the moment as the fact that the Nets were two stars short against mighty Kentucky. And that's when they decided it was time to shoot and run by PETER CARRY



Breaking the Kentucky defense, John Roche goes from rookie to star with 38 fast points

he gambled and made the desperate shot that clinched New York's victory. With the 30-second and game clocks blinking away, Roche swished a three-point basket from far out on the left sideline, lifting the 14,896 fans in the Nets' shiny Nassau Coliseum right out of their brand-new, multi-colored seats. It was easily the most lucrative gate ever drawn by an ABA game.

Ironically, Roche's shot was something the Colonels never expected to worry about. The New York series was to have been a laughter for them. Before the season began, the Nets were expected to be contenders in the Eastern Division. But as soon as the action started New York was left muddling around with masters of the inept like the Carolina Cougars and the Pittsburgh Condors. The Nets eventually righted themselves enough to finish third, though a mere four games over .500 and a tidy 24 games behind first-place Kentucky. Then, in the closing week of the season, Melchionni, one of the ABA's four best guards and a 21-point scorer, fractured a hand. It was a bad break for New York, true. But it turned out to be an even worse one for the Colonels because it was Roche who took over Melchionni's playmaking assignment. Meanwhile, Kentucky, which set an ABA record with 68 wins during the season, entered the playoffs completely healthy.

The first two games of the series quickly proved the Colonels were not as robust as they seemed. With Barry at the top of his game as the best shooting and passing forward in the pros—he scored 50 and 35 points—and Roche adding 31 in each game, the Nets swept the first two easily, 122-108 and 105-90.

After one of the defeats a New York sportswriter was nabbed by Louisville police for scuffling with a fan and Colonel Coach Joe Mullany said, "They got the wrong man. We're the ones who should have been arrested." At least they should have ticketed the Colonels for overtime parking. Kentucky's powerful inside offense, which accounted for 54 points per game from Isel and Gilmore during the regular season, is based on getting the ball to the team's two big men in their favorite low-post positions. To counteract this, New York Coach Lou Carnesecca installed a special sagging defense. Bearlike Forward Tom Washington draped himself on Isel's right shoulder and Center Bill Paulitz

rested his 240 pounds of what looks suspiciously like baby fat on Gilmore's back. The other Nets—particularly gritty Guard Olffe Taylor, who played with a rubber burn from one of Gilmore's sneakers on one arm, a contusion on the other, a badly swollen thumb and strained tendons in his right foot—sagged in to deflect passes and generally harass the big men. The Colonels played right into Carnesecca's trap by taking few of the outside shots that might have forced the Net defenders out of their sag and also by simply standing around in lyric poses.

On offense, Roche helped break down the Kentucky complex, trapping the defense by simply dribbling back out of trouble spots and often hitting the man left open by the double-teaming. Pro scouts frequently criticized Roche when he was in college because they felt he needed to control the ball too much to be a good professional player. But this year he has adjusted well to playing in the Nets' backcourt even though Melchionni handled the ball most of the time, and in the playoffs his dribbling skills became an important bonus.

In the third game, played at New York, Mullany shifted the Colonels into a more conventional defense. It was admittedly risky strategy because most of his first-unit players are not strong head-to-head defenders, but Kentucky won 105-99. Substitute Walt Simon hit seven of his first eight outside shots to help draw out the Nets' defense, doubled at guarding Roche well and finished the game with 25 points, all despite the fact that he was a bit stunned by the heady surroundings.

After that, most ABA officials considered New York's first two wins as aberrations. And when Virginia Vice-President Johnny Kerr, whose team had just completed a four-game sweep of the Floridians, arrived on the day of the fourth Colonels-Nets game to arrange playing dates for the Eastern finals, he talked first to Kentucky.

Kerr probably would have purchased plane tickets to Louisville right then, despite the 2-1 New York advantage, had he known that a few miles away in Hempstead Rick Barry was in bed with a strep throat and 103° fever. Barry took another dose of Erythromycin, rolled over, and a player named John Baum, who earlier had been cut by Chicago of the NBA, started in his place. Baum scored

25 points and took seven shots without missing to begin the second half.

Baum's string carried the Nets through the third period and then Roche opened up in the fourth. Taking his shots off Washington's pucks and short, crisp passes, he scored 17 points in the last quarter. He put New York ahead for good 93-92, sinking a foul shot with 2:07 remaining to play. And when the Nets regained possession at 1:50 following a wild Kentucky attempt to force the ball into Gilmore, Roche began to wear down the clock. The Colonels, by now back in their trapping defense, attempted to triple-team him with 12 seconds left on the shot timer, and he calmly bounced a pass outside to Paulitz. The defenders wheeled and headed off to trap Paulitz—who flipped the ball back to Roche. With five seconds on the shot clock, Roche toroed the three-point circle and swished a jumper to give New York a 96-92 lead.

"When I first heard Rick couldn't play I thought, 'Well, it's going to be an early summer,'" Roche said. "Then we thought about it a little more seriously and we agreed if we could keep it close maybe something would break for us in the fourth quarter. When I got that ball for the three-pointer I thought about dribbling closer, but I knew it was time for us to make our break. If somebody had told me before the game that it would come down to one shot, I'd have been glad to hear it. We played without two guys who usually score 52 points."

Seven seconds after Roche's last shot, Mike Pratt scored a three-pointer for Kentucky. But in a gutty call of the sort too rarely seen in the critical closing moments of pro games, Referee Norm Drucker nullified the basket. Isel had set an illegal moving screen on Taylor, who was guarding Pratt.

Pratt shot considerably more successfully the next day at Kentucky when he and another sub, Les Hunter, combined for 42 points as the Colonels' won 109-93, despite Barry's return to the Nets' lineup.

New York finished off the upset series with a home-court win Monday night, a suitable ending to a special basketball success story. Still, it was that third victory that remained the most extraordinary. Like the cat who had dared to look at the Queen, the young Nets had dared to look up, and they got a full glimpse of beauty. **END**

RANGERS MIX STIX, NIX HAB HEX

Refusing to play dead for the champion Habifants of Montreal, as is their wont, New York opened Stanley Cup play by winning two straight at home, then battled furiously in the enemy's camp **by MARK MULVOY**

It is one of the rites of spring in New York, like dodging potholes in the streets and mailing a deposit for the summer cottage out in the Hamptons. As the snow melts each year the Rangers skate holdily into the Stanley Cup playoffs and then skate quickly and quietly out of them. Most seasons the Rangers do not even stay around town long enough to compete with opening day at the baseball parks and the golf courses. In fact, since they last won the cup 32 years ago, the Rangers have survived the first round of the playoffs only twice. And now—horror!—here were those dastardly Montreal Canadiens waiting to ravage them once again.

Why pick on New York? Couldn't the Canadiens pick a John Lindsay for once and drop out? Weren't 10 Stanley Cups in 16 years enough? What else did they want, the city? They hadn't lost a playoff series to a team from the United States in 10 years. And look what they did to Boston and Chicago last spring.

Funny thing, though, despite the great Hab Hex the Rangers thought they were going to beat the Canadiens. And all things considered, even with Center Jean Ratelle, their most important player, still sidelined because of a cracked bone above his right ankle, the time was right. No longer did Montreal have Jean Beliveau to dazzle them or Mean John Ferguson to brutalize them. Sure, Ken Dryden would be in goal for Montreal, but the Rangers had lost only one game to the Canadiens all year—a meaningless 6-5 skatefest the last day of the season—and had scored almost five goals a game against Dryden while the rest of the league had averaged two. Before the first game Wednesday night, scalpers were getting \$120 for a pair of \$13 tickets that offered both a terrible view of the ice and the fragrant aroma of circus elephants, compliments of Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey.

Inside Madison Square Garden the Canadiens easily found the way to their dressing room by following the circus

signs that said **CLOWNS**. Coach Scotty Bowman was nervous as his players dressed. "It's strange," he said, looking out onto the ice. "New York beat us all year, and we beat Boston and Boston killed New York. The only way we can beat New York now is to play like Boston does. We've got to stop the Rangers at center ice and not let them get their passing game going. But my guys don't play like that. The forwards don't come back and check, and the defensemen back in on Dryden. If we play like that we won't be around very long."

For his part, Emile Francis, the little boss of the Rangers, was preparing a surprise for Bowman and Yvan Courmoyer, the speedy right wing who scored 47 goals for the Canadiens during the season. Francis realized that none of the Rangers he had used regularly was quick enough to derail Courmoyer on his swoops around the rink. The only Ranger who could accelerate with Courmoyer was Gene Carr, a 20-year-old rookie who was playing in Flin Flon, Manitoba a year ago. Normally Francis takes the George Allen approach to youth: he uses his kids only as a last resort. Indeed, for the playoffs he had reacquired two of the Rangers' old smoothies: Ron Stewart, 39, and Phil Goyette, 38. But now he was going to have Carr check Courmoyer, or at least try to.

At the start Bowman felt he had to assign an exclusive shadow to only one Ranger, Left Wing Vic Hadfield, who had scored 50 goals. The obvious choice was Rejean (Peanuts) Houle, the pesky wing who covered Bobby Hull so effectively in last year's cup. However, there is one basic difference between Hull and Hadfield. Hull rarely resorts to physical retaliation over a checker's attentions. Hadfield does. If Houle planned to shackle Hadfield the way he harassed Hull—an elbow here, a stick there—then his body eventually would bear some marks, too. Nothing illegal, of course. Just fun and games. As it developed, Peanuts Houle took an early penalty in the first game for slashing Hadfield, and af-

ter that he was just plain ineffective.

Until this season Hadfield had never scored more than 26 goals. The instant he got the puck on his curved stick he would fire it. Occasionally it went in; most of the time it landed in Section B, Row C, Seat 4 of the mezzanine. "I always get a lot of oohs and ahs," Hadfield said, "but I didn't get many goals." So Hadfield changed his style and learned to sneak around behind the defensemen and wait for crisp passes from Ratelle and Right Wing Rod Gilbert. Of his 50 goals, at least 35 were scored from less than five feet away. "He scored 10 goals against us during the year—seven or eight against me," Dryden said. "The longest was no more than four feet. Nowadays most players prefer to shoot from 40 feet out or farther, and here's Hadfield with 10 goals that probably don't add up to 40 feet."

The score was tied 1-1 near the end of the first period, and there was Hadfield on Dryden's doorstep as Bobby Rousseau, who replaced Ratelle at center, stole the puck in the corner. "Bobby!" Hadfield screamed in a voice that could be heard 40 rows away. Rousseau obediently drilled the puck across the crease and Hadfield fired it behind Dryden. "Another four-footer!" the goaltender mumbled.

Bright as goal: New York's Eddie Boudreau goes to the ice to stop a Montreal rush.



Frank Mahovlich tied the score 2-2 early in the third period, and for a time it appeared that the teams would skate into overtime. Enter J. C. Tremblay. After Dryden he is Montreal's make-or-break player. On some nights he is J. C. Superstar; on others he is J. C. Snowshoes. In Montreal he usually is the former; on the road, the latter. As one Canadian player said, "Sometimes J. C. forgets to pack his courage when we go on the road."

Yet it was Tremblay who risked his life to save others from a hotel fire in St. Louis this year, a fire from which Bowman himself narrowly escaped.

"You wouldn't believe it was J. C. up

there dangling from a ladder," a teammate said, "but it was. I can't tell you how courageous he was."

After a strong start against New York, Tremblay somehow got stuck in reverse and spent the rest of the game skating backward on Dryden. With slightly more than seven minutes remaining, Tremblay had the puck in the corner to Dryden's left. "I started to make my deke on Gilbert," he said later, "and the puck got away from me." It rolled to Rousseau. Again Hadfield was parked at Dryden's crease. "Bobs!" he yelled. The puck was there in a flash. Dryden was beaten on another four-footer and the Rangers won the game 3-2.

"We've got to watch Hadfield," Tremblay said. "That's the trouble," said another Canadian. "We've been watching him."

The following night rookie Guy Lafleur gave the Canadiens a 1-0 lead, but in rapid order Defenseman Dale Rolfe and Stewart both scored from the goal mouth to put the Rangers ahead.

Later Tremblay took a puck in the face and went off for 10 stitches, so Terry Harper came on to replace him. Harper rivals Chicago's Keith Magnuson for the annual games player award. He will challenge and fight anyone, and though he usually loses, he does inspire his more reluctant mates to greater ef-

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RANDVILLI



forts. When Harper appeared, bodies began to crash, and suddenly Hadfield lost his mortgage on the patch of ice to Dryden's right. Playing their best hockey since the start of the series, the Canadiens tied the score in the second period and continued to dominate play until Harper and Hadfield clashed in the last minute of the period.

Harper was sitting on the bench when Hadfield skated past and brushed him with his stick. "Because of my injured thumb I can't control my stick very well," Hadfield explained, smiling. "When I skated past their bench and got near Harper, the stick got away from me." At the next whistle Harper leaped from the bench, skated toward Hadfield and unloaded a left elbow, but it missed. The two jawed for several minutes, until Francis removed Hadfield and sent out Glen Sather, his No. 1 disturber. "I told Sather to whisper sweet nothings in Harper's ear," Francis said. "I told him to tell Harper what a nice fellow he is."

Sather, who spent one summer taking graduate courses in child psychology at Memphis State University, told Harper he liked the way he parted his hair. Up came the elbows. Up came the sticks. And both were penalized. "That Sather, he's a master," Francis said. "Hey, we're all kids, aren't we?" was what Sather said.

Sather's enterprise obviously stirred the Rangers, for they roared out for the third period and scored three times to

take the game 5-2. The winning goal came only 20 seconds into the period when Bill Fairbairn beat Dryden with a weak backhand from about 15 feet. Dryden blamed himself for the goal. "I lost track of the net," he said. "I made a terrible play. No excuses."

Carr dominated Cournoyer, holding him to only two shots, but the Canadiens were able to stymie Hadfield, too, thanks mostly to Harper's body bending. Goalie Eddie Giacomin played solidly for the Rangers in both games and New York's penalty killing was spectacular, with Fairbairn and Walt Tkaczuk handling the puck so effectively that the Canadiens had no shots at Giacomin during four of their eight power plays.

As the series switched to Montreal, Bowman mapped a few changes: he planned to get Cournoyer away from Carr. He would have Henri Richard and Claude Larose, two of his most industrious skaters, play head-to-head against Tkaczuk and Fairbairn, respectively. "The only way to stop them is to outwork them if you can," Bowman said.

The scalpers in Montreal were getting only \$60 for a pair of \$10 tickets as the teams lined up Saturday night for what Francis predicted would be a physical game. "I haven't told my guys to hit and I haven't told them not to hit," Bowman said. The Canadiens hit. Peter Mahovlich dazed Fairbairn with a vicious elbow, then Jacques Laperriere smashed Bruce MacGregor into the boards. Hadfield came onto the ice and gave Harper a hard shot, and three Canadiens hacked away at Hadfield in return. Jacques Lemaire slammed Brad Park into the boards, then Peter Mahovlich slashed Fairbairn. Before the period was 16 minutes old the Canadiens had been given 10 minutes in penalties, and they had to play almost nine of those first 16 minutes shorthanded.

Maraculously they escaped, thanks to Dryden. For many minutes the Rangers passed the puck back and forth along the crease. It looked like a Ping-Pong

game with Dryden the judge, Ken Robbed Hadfield, then Goyette, then Gilbert, then Tkaczuk, then Gilbert again. "I think the Rangers just got tired from passing the puck around and didn't have any energy left when they were ready to shoot," Dryden said. Francis kept shaking his head. "I have never in all my days seen so many passes go through the crease without getting into the net," he said.

Once past that barrage the Canadiens played a style of hockey they had not exhibited in New York. Tremblay was marvelous, having one of his J. C. Superstar nights. Montreal defensesmen continually stopped the Rangers at the blue line, and in the second period the Canadiens broke through on the power play as Frank Mahovlich converted a perfect pass from brother Pete. Later in the period Marc Tardif backhanded a 15-footer past Giacomin after Rod Seiling had hooked his original shot.

Montreal made one defensive lapse in the period when Ron Stewart sneaked behind the defense, took a pass from Sather and beat Dryden cleanly, but after that Dryden and Tremblay kept the situation under control, and the Canadiens won 2-1.

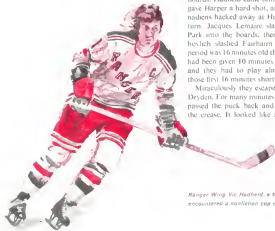
"It's pretty simple," Harper said afterward. "When we don't let them stand around and play with the puck, we win. When we are spectators, we lose."

Back at the Forum on Sunday night the teams went on a scoring binge. First to hit was Fairbairn for New York, then Rousseau, then Lemaire for the Canadiens, followed by Rousseau once more, Montreal's Tardif and the man who wanted to reclaim his old property adjacent to Dryden, Vic Hadfield. This was all in the first period and the Rangers led 4-2. No muscle to speak of was utilized by either side, possibly because the teams were playing their fourth game in five nights and were willing to let the sticks talk.

Montreal gained a little in the second period with a goal by Cournoyer and got another in the third from Harper to tie it up and lift the Forum's lid. But with five minutes remaining one Pete Siemkowski stole the puck from guess who—yep, Tremblay—and beat Dryden. An empty-net goal made it 6-4 and a 3-1 lead in the series for little old New York.

Ah, spring. For Manhattan it was beginning to be all right.

END



Ranger Wing Vic Hadfield, a 50-goal scorer, encountered a double-edged egg named Harper.



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He should have proper riding instruction before he starts motorcycle riding. Self-taught motorcyclists are often poor motorcyclists.

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Bikes in the Honda line include certain built-in safety features. Most have ignition cut-off switches which let you kill the engine instantly with the flick of

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There's another part to that same message: "Preserve nature." We believe a motorcycle can be good for your son, and at the same time, not harm the environment. It just has to be ridden in the right place in the right way.

Motorcycles, and specifically Hondas with their efficient four-stroke engines, burn very little gas to travel long distances. As far as noise pollution goes, Honda is fighting that with quiet mufflers on all its machines. Mufflers and spark arrestors on Honda dirt bikes are also USDA-approved to keep the countryside green as well as quiet.

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No man living has rivaled the author's record of training three Horses of the Year. And few handle such fine racing stock. From his colts, Burch chose one above all for the classic 3-year-old races—Key to the Mint. Here is his training journal

DIARY OF A DERBY HORSE

by ELLIOTT BURCH

Key to the Mint is a mahogany bay half brother to the 1970 Horse of the Year, Fort Marey, which of itself might make one think he could have Kentucky Derby prospects. But there were other, and better, indications late in his 2-year-old season. He won three of his final four races, finishing with a victory in the Remsen Stakes, a race that has been won by such fine horses as Jim French, Danuscar and Northern Dancer. It also has been won by some duds, but let's be optimistic.

Because he was larger than many colts his age, Key to the Mint was raced sparingly last year at two, just 10 starts. The hope was that as a 3-year-old he would develop his best form, in fact, just in time for the Kentucky Derby on the first Saturday in May.

After the Remsen in late November, KTTM was unwound gradually. If a racehorse is stopped abruptly in his training, he loses condition, his muscles ache and he may become unruly and nervous. So KTTM received shorter and shorter gallops. Through December he was given long daily walks. During this period he was vaccinated for VEE, as most states require this nowadays. For a while horsemen were alarmed by reports of the vaccine's effects—it was said to cause brain damage—but actually the consequences appear mild. KTTM's temperature rose slightly, to 101° from the normal 100°. The stable veterinarian prescribed rest—he said to do nothing but walk the colt for at least two weeks.

My horses—18 of them, all belonging to Paul Mellon—were flown to Miami on Dec. 17 and vanned to Hialeah. Racehorses travel first class. They had the plane to themselves, and the shipping bill ran close to \$7,500. Since I did not plan to run KTTM until the opening day of the Hialeah meeting, March 3, he did little in the remaining weeks of December. It takes approximately two months to get a horse back into racing shape.

KTTM is my best Derby prospect, certainly, but there are other colts in the barn that could make it to the big race, too. They will appear in this diary from time to time as workmates of KTTM. So to introduce the cast of characters. Head



WINNING A DERBY IS THE CAT'S MEOW

of the River is a chestnut half brother to Run the Gamlet, the 1971 Turf Horse of the Year. He started only four times last season and like KTTM ended the year well. In his final race he was third to the 2-year-old champion, Riva Ridge. Straight To Paris is another lightly raced colt; he started just twice in 1971, winning his first race and placing third the next time. Finally, the last and least (he is the smallest) of the lot is Idle Answer, a son of Tom Rolfe and grandson of Bold Ruler. There is nothing puny about that breeding.

During January the colts worked slowly twice a week. On other days they were galloped leisurely a mile and a quarter or a mile and a half. Training thoroughbreds is far from an exact science. It is often a matter of trial and error. But a trainer who has had classic horses in his barn before can base the training of his current crop on experience. I've been lucky, winning three Belmont Stakes with Sword Dancer, Quadrangle and Arts and Letters. I've been shut out so far in the Kentucky Derby—two seconds. This is the year to change that!

Feb. 2—The campaign begins in earnest. KTTM had his first workout of the season in company (with Head of the River). My exercise riders, Norman Kerr and Mike Kay, are both superb judges of pace. They know how fast their horses are going, which many famed jockeys do not, and can give reliable opinions about a colt's performance. This morn-

ing KTTM, with Kerr up, seemed keen to compete. The time was satisfactory, three-eighths of a mile in 38 seconds. As a gauge for those unfamiliar with racing times, a horse running one furlong in 12 seconds is going at a fairly rapid rate; he should continue, two furlongs in .24, three in .36, and so on. Both horses were sound after the work and ate their feed. KTTM loves his groceries. His daily diet is rather prosaic. He gets as much clover hay as he wants, which is usually half a bale, about 10 quarts of oats in three feedings (3:30 a.m., 11 a.m., 4 p.m.) and a vitamin supplement.

Feb. 3—No excitement today, but KTTM was more eager galloping because of his breeze yesterday. He was very playful walking off the track, and I told John Veitch, my assistant, to have the colt's groom, Sylvester Cook, walk out to the track and lead him home from now on.

Feb. 4—My first stop mornings is at KTTM's stall. He seemed bright and his legs are cold and clean. Before he goes to the track each morning, at least three of us check him over. His groom has cared for nearly every one of my classic horses beginning with Sword Dancer in 1959. I try to pick the best prospects for Sylvester at the beginning of a season because he is so meticulous and, all right, I'm superstitious. I figure he and I have something going for us. This morning Kristie Duckett, my exercise girl, galloped KTTM as Norman was busy elsewhere. The horse responds well to Kristie—she was his first rider as a 2-year-old—but I was a little leery lest he be too much of a handful for her.

Feb. 5—Routine. Ran into Lucien Lawrin, the trainer of Riva Ridge. He seemed concerned that his horse wasn't carrying enough flesh. Personally, I don't believe Riva Ridge will ever carry much flesh, which would not bother me if he were in my barn. Skinny horses seem to last much longer than gross ones. What am I saying! KTTM probably is 150 pounds heavier than Riva Ridge.

Feb. 6—Decided to send KTTM a slow mile. Had planned to work a mile on Feb. 2, but the track was too muddy for a long workout. Head of the River

continued

broke behind KTTM and almost caught him, going the mile in 1:47½. KTTM was clocked a second slower. The work was disappointing. I had wanted them to go in 1:46. Norman says KTTM was too playful and didn't have his mind on his business.

Feb. 7—Went to our training farm 25 miles north of here in Davie as I had no horses breezing. KTTM's 2-year-old half brother, who is called Key to the Kingdom (no need to think small), is developing nicely.

Feb. 10—Decided KTTM was ready to step along with Head of the River. Told Mike and Norman to let them go half a mile in 50 or 51 seconds. Norman couldn't hold KTTM so they went too fast—in .48". I was upset but neither horse was in distress, so it obviously didn't harm them. I'm going to have to tolerate KTTM's workmates or I'll run Head of the River. It does neither horse nor man good to always finish second.

Feb. 11—KTTM has bumps on his body. I told John to put glauher sales in his water and get the vet to give him an antihistamine shot. Think he probably picked up chiggers from the straw. I remember bedding down a bunch of stalls myself once and getting bitten by them. It was agony. I hope this is not the start of skin disease, which horses are subject to in warm weather. It doesn't bother them all that much, but they look God-awful for a while. Several years ago I ran a horse who had just gotten over it—call him my spotted wonder. He equalled the track record that day. Saw Riva Ridge gallop this morning. Laurin has added front bandages to his equipment.

Feb. 12—The skin condition appears to be getting better, wonder if KTTM could have an allergy. Fort Marcy did—to straw—and we had to bed him on wood shavings.

Feb. 13—For the first time after a long rainy spell the track was in fine shape. In the barn each morning we divide the horses into three sets to do their training. KTTM was put in the second set so that we could test the condition of the track with some of the other horses before getting him out. Norman breezed Straight To Paris a handy mile. He may yet give KTTM a taste. Another of my 3-year-olds, Age of Gold, worked a slow six furlongs. I've always liked this colt; he is by far the best-looking horse in the barn, but he hasn't looked that good on the track. Told Norman on KTTM to

give Mike on Idle Answer the best of it when they broke the horses at the five-eighths pole. I meant Mike to have a two- or three-length head start, but he got away six or seven in front. KTTM caught up by the quarter pole; they finished the work head and head though Norman was muzzling his colt at the end. Now both horses are ready for hard training. KTTM's time was 1:00½. He's looking his best—no sign of skin irritation. His season debut remains the Bahamas Stakes on March 3.

Feb. 16—KTTM is getting mighty perky and mean. He reared up in the walking ring and got his front leg over the shank, nearly pulling loose from Norman. It's going to be difficult maintaining his schedule without a good race soon. Read in *The Telegraph* today that KTTM's jockey, Brailio Baeza, is riding a Derby prospect for Ogden Phipps at Santa Anita today. Hope Baeza don't decide to dump us for this colt. Jockey changes have cost me two and possibly three Kentucky Derbies. I lost the services of Bill Shoemaker twice, once because of injury and the other time when he rode another starter. In 1964 Bill Hartack opted for Northern Dancer instead of my colt, Quadrangle.

Feb. 17—Phipps' horse ran out of the money! Today I decided to find out if KTTM really was measuring up. I hooked him up with our swiftest colt, Straight To Paris. The latter had 10 pounds the best of the weights and a head start. Straight To Paris got off six in front. KTTM just surged by with Norman standing up in the saddle for the last quarter of a mile.

Feb. 18—The wind came up during the night, making the horses frisky this morning; the temperature has dropped 20 degrees. We made it through the day with no mishaps, but the boys had all they could do to keep their horses on the ground. Wind always has this peculiar effect on horses, really all animals. I'm glad KTTM is working tomorrow; maybe that will settle him down.

Feb. 20—The coldest morning of the winter, 40°, when I arrived at 6:25 a.m. Head of the River was KTTM's victim. He managed to hold his own for seven-eighths of a mile. Head of the River made a bit of a noise while working. Hope he isn't developing wind problems. He's done this before. A vet gave us some powder to put in his feed. This, plus taking away his hay the night before a workout

or race, seemed to have solved the problem. Many overly large horses develop wind troubles but no one has ever explained why to my satisfaction.

Feb. 21—It's still cold—45° to 50°. Straight To Paris coughed two or three times and KTTM once. I told Herbert Jackson, the stable foreman, to put a menthol salve in their noses and rub their throats with iodine salve. The stable vet tested Head of the River with a laryngoscope this afternoon. He tells me that the colt is not "touched" in the wind but does have a red spot on his soft palate. The vet recommends iodides in the colt's feed plus an ounce of glycerine before he goes out in the morning.

Feb. 23—A busy but satisfactory morning, more than satisfactory. KTTM worked behind my star maiden, Age of Gold. The latter went five-eighths of a mile in 59 seconds while KTTM just breezed in 58½ seconds. Norman didn't like the way KTTM was walking on his way to the track, which caused some concern. The colt had never taken a bad step in his racing career. I told Norman not to work the horse unless he was completely satisfied with the way KTTM moved around the track in his warmup gallop. After one turn Norman was reassured, and certainly the workout looked like all was in order. Head of the River had a workout that was the talk of the track—a mile by himself in 1:38. Maybe he'll be ready for the Flamingo Stakes. Straight To Paris got loose in the stable area. A sheet he was wearing while cooling out got tangled over an ear. He was caught unhurt. Plan to put new shoes on KTTM soon. I usually do this every three weeks, though some horses in the barn don't grow enough foot in that time and are permitted to go four or five weeks between shoeings. KTTM wears three-ounce aluminum plates on each foot; a new set costs around \$22. The blacksmith's art is unique. Trainers like myself make suggestions, but it is like offering advice to a French chef. Most smiths feel it's none of your business.

I am taking two days off to drive my family to Disney World in Orlando. I want to see the place, but a trainer should be with his horses.

Feb. 24—My wife and children enjoyed the whole scene, but I must admit that while I was voyaging to the bottom of a Disney sea my mind was on the horses. Talked to John at noon. KTTM has come out of his workout in good shape.

continued

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the night game?

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Some of the horses were taken to the starting gate for schooling. We do this as part of the training regimen, especially early in the year so that the horses will remain calm on racing afternoons. As they stand in the gate you pet them and talk to them, maybe give them some sugar cubes until they quiet down. Straight To Paris was the only one to get upset today. The water dripped off him. Some colts become so disenchanted with the mechanical barrier that they just refuse to leave it. If this happens the horse is useless for racing, which is the one reason we take so much care tutoring these young animals.

Feb. 25—Everything went smoothly in my absence. Maybe they don't need me around as much as I think. All the 3-year-olds are eating well and their coats are glossy. One of the surest ways to check on a horse's physical condition is to look in his feed tub after a meal. If it's empty, he's feeling fine. Another indication is the time it takes him to eat. There are slow eaters and fast eaters among horses just like there are among people, but if a horse pushes around his mash as if it were a cold, dried-up pork chop and has little enthusiasm for it, look for trouble.

Feb. 26—Planned to work KTTM with Farewell Party, my stakes-winning 4-year-old. But decided not to when he didn't walk properly. He was favoring his right front foot. I had him walk three or four rounds of the ring, studying him all the while, before deciding to pass up the work. He was not putting the hoof down plumb every time. He seemed rocky, instead of being sure of himself. Lameness can be a subtle thing. Is he sore or isn't he? I told Tommy McNabo, our blacksmith, to shoe him with new plates and pay particular attention to the ailing foot. I also asked the farrier to put Azum powder, a muscle relaxant, in his feed for the next few days. And feeling that perhaps even that wasn't enough, I told John Veitch to use our ultrasonic machine on the colt's shoulders. McNabo may have found the trouble, a small bruise that he cut from the sole of the right front foot. It was probably caused by stepping on a stone. If all is well I will work him three-quarters of a mile tomorrow.

Feb. 27—The horse walked all right and his feet were cold to the touch. Every trainer in his daily examination of his horses runs his hands up and down their legs. We check for heat or puffiness in the knees, ankles, tendons and feet. Worked

KTTM behind Age of Gold. And again the big horse romped. Now I will work KTTM from the gate on Wednesday, and he'll be ready to run on Friday in the Bahamas.

Feb. 28—The horse still walks wobbly when he comes out of the stall in the morning. I've decided to paint the soles of his feet with an old-time remedy, pure pine tar and iodine.

Feb. 29—Each morning I am on edge when the horse takes his first few steps. He still doesn't walk to suit me. Must decide tonight whether to work him from the barrier tomorrow. I remember once having a nice maiden filly here at Hialeah and having her fracture her pelvis working from the gate. Thinking of things like that tortures trainers.

March 1—Slept poorly. Awake on and off from 3:30 a.m. Finally got up at 5:15. Dreaded going to the barn, feeling I might find something amiss. Decided that if the horse was not perfect I would forget the workout and pass up the Bahamas. But KTTM passed his stem-to-stern check. I had put him in the final set of the morning. Went down to the clubhouse to watch him break along with Head of the River. Felt very jittery as I watched them walk in. They broke together, but it was no contest. KTTM was brilliant; his fractions from the three-quarter pole were .10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -, .21 $\frac{1}{2}$ -, .33 $\frac{1}{2}$ -. Jumped the rail onto the track to walk home with the colts. Both were puffing but neither seemed distressed. Watched them cool out every step of the way, while answering questions of a couple of sportswriters. I didn't mention to them my concern earlier in the week. Now it is just 48 hours before the race. Have entered both KTTM and Head of the River. Straight To Paris runs in an allowance race. My wife and I played a bad but quick 18 holes of golf in time to return to the barn by 4:30 p.m. All the horses had eaten their noon and evening meals.

March 2—KTTM walking perfectly. He's on edge, tried to nip me when I was showing him to a Louisville writer. This afternoon he will be schooled in the Hialeah paddock, a precaution to reacquaint him with racing surroundings so that he will not become excited while being saddled tomorrow.

March 3—Upper Case beat Spanish Riddle in the Florida Derby yesterday. Did not see the race but the time was not impressive; they went the last eighth of a mile in just better than 14 seconds.

Good 3-year-olds run quite a bit faster.

This page of my journal should be edged in black. Awoke at 4:15 a.m. and after tossing and turning finally got up. At the barn well before six. I was apprehensive about the afternoon as 1) KTTM hasn't raced in three months; 2) he has received the VEE shot since his last start, and several trainers claim their horses have lost form after receiving the injection; 3) Baeza was so sick the other day he did not ride and 4) I never feel confident before a season debut. For that matter, I never feel confident before any race.

Met the boss at the airport and took him to the barn as the Bahamas was not until the ninth race. Run the Gantlet was fractious, shook up by the noise from the P.A. system that reverberates through the stable area.

The weather was not the best for racehorses—extremely hot and humid. Rain threatened. It never actually did rain, but I was sure it was going to pour at least three or four times. I didn't want to run KTTM on anything but a fast racing strip.

The afternoon was a disaster. Straight To Paris was a well-beaten fifth. I felt this was a very bad omen. Naturally, the colt had an excuse (it's rare when a horseman can't find one): another entry ridden by an inexperienced jockey crowded him into the rail. The evidence—white paint on his left flank—was right there for Perry Mason and everyone to see.

In the walking ring before the Bahamas, KTTM and Head of the River captured most of the attention. Both behaved well and I was a bit proud of them. Received numerous compliments on their condition before the race but would rather have had the congratulations afterward. The stake was over almost before it began. New Prospect left the gate flying, and the others couldn't get close. KTTM wound up a soundly beaten fourth, Head of the River sixth. Both horses came back hot and tired, but neither took a misstep as they cooled out. Thus they lived to fight again.

Today was my birthday. I should have expected disaster.

March 4—Arose earlier than usual, about 4:30 to check the horses at Hialeah before taking Mr. Mellon to Daw. KTTM had a swollen eye (a clod must have hit him during the race). Left orders to bathe it with warm water and a weak boric acid solution and have the vet

continued

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DERBY DIARY continued

give him a Butazolidin injection. Bute has become a *blé-noire* on tracks since the Dancer's Image scandal, but I think its controlled use a good, even necessary, thing. [It took the inflammation out of KTTM's eye in 24 hours.] I've been giving Bute myself for ailments but it bothers my stomach. I can't tolerate it. I think the same thing may happen with horses, so I often give them an equine version of Pepto-Bismol along with the shot.

I raced two horses today, but most of my thoughts were on yesterday's debacle. My conclusions are 1) I will have to put the blinkers back on KTTM to keep him mind on his business; 2) will pass up the Flamingo—too soon after a hard, disappointing race; 3) won't put much stock in the Bahamas as one of the horses that finished in front of KTTM was unable to get anywhere near him last year; 4) the track condition was not the same as it has been for all the rest of the winter at Hialeah. Times were extremely fast. In the stake the horses broke the track record that had stood for several years. Why don't track superintendents stop monkeying with the racing surface trying to set records and get big headlines? They just break down our best horses; 5) will probably run KTTM in the Hibiscus on March 22. But I could start him before that if the racing secretary puts on an allowance race for which he is eligible.

March 5—I'm worn out—nothing in the barn pleased me this morning. Nothing to complain about really, but on the other hand nothing to enthuse about either. When horses run well, even the worst animal in the barn has some appeal, but now the reverse is true. The weather remains hot and humid. More thunderstorms this afternoon, another off track for Monday. Trainers are like farmers—weather is a prime concern. I don't like to run horses on a sloppy or muddy surface, if something is going to happen to a horse it usually happens on an off track.

March 6—KTTM went back to galloping this morning. It's the custom in my stable to give a horse who races two days walking after a start. At one time I gave them a day off, but they do even better with a couple of days rest. Also I usually have the vet give them a large dose of B-12 and iron two days after their races. This acts as a pick-me-up.

I put blinkers on Straight To Paris for the first time this morning as I think he held out on me in his race Friday. Blink-

ers keep a horse's mind on his business, and while 2-year-old colts will give you all they can, horses when they become older often learn that they can get by with half or three-quarter efforts—the blinkers overcome this attitude.

March 7—The horse is beginning to look himself again. I thought he was peaked on Saturday and Sunday but in today's gallop he wanted to run. Am not particularly keen on running him in the Hibiscus against Riva Ridge, but, if there isn't an allowance race for him before the Everglades Stakes on April 1, will have to run him. I don't feel quite as bad about his fourth-place finish in the Bahamas now that I remember Arts and Letters finished third or fourth in his winter debut as a 3-year-old.

March 8—Am running my supermaten, Age of Gold, tomorrow. He has trained superbly, and I'll be disappointed if he doesn't dazzle. Of course he may be just a morning glory, i.e., a horse that breaks speed records in workouts but has no heart for races. Thankfully this sort of horse isn't too common.

March 9—KTTM will breeze in the morning as the racing secretary has scheduled an allowance race on Monday for which he is eligible. It is for non-winners of four races other than maiden or claiming, seven-eighths of a mile.

Age of Gold didn't win after all that advance hiling. Finished second and refused to run up against the hail of dirt. I try all my horses one behind the other in the mornings to teach them to take the clods but many back up in the afternoon, perhaps because in a race there are more horses and more dirt. Most good animals—Arts and Letters and Fort Marcy, for example—just grapple ahead.

March 10—KTTM was brilliant. He and Head of the River were on the track by 6:30 a.m., and, while I waited for them to breeze, I timed Riva Ridge three-quarters. Laurin had his jockey, Ron Turcotte, on the horse and we all caught him in 1:11 with Turcotte riding hard. Head of the River went five-eighths in 58 while KTTM, wearing blinkers, merely aired in .57 $\frac{1}{2}$. Norman was annoyed that I held them up as they approached the finish as he wanted KTTM to run by Head of the River. This was just what I didn't want as I am still high on Head of the River and don't want him discouraged. If we go to Kentucky we'll take Head of the River and Straight To Paris along as workmates,

continued



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with the off chance that either could run in the Blue Grass and/or the Derby.

March 12—KTTM's allowance race didn't draw enough entries (only five) so was canceled. But the racing secretary has put the same race back on Wednesday's card, and there is also a six-furlong race that day which is wide open—by that I mean the conditions are so loose that even Riva Ridge is eligible!

Went to Davie. KTTM's half brother breezed behind two other colts. His action is becoming more fluid, which is encouraging. He seemed an ungainly colt at the beginning.

Received disastrous news from Kentucky. Our foal by Arts and Letters out of Green Glade, a major stakes winner, died a few hours after arriving from Virginia. Indications are that the young colt had an abscess in his navel that went undetected, causing death. When he was foaled just three weeks before, I was told he was as fine a colt as had ever been born on the farm. Mr. Mellon took the news remarkably well.

March 13—I hear that the allowance race for KTTM on Wednesday will go with 12 entries. Will let the colt blow out tomorrow. Before a race—usually the day before—many horses are given sprints to clear their heads. Spent most of the day trying to locate Baeza's agent, finally finding him in Maryland in the late afternoon. The jockey will fly in from California Tuesday night.

March 14—Sunny and beautiful, mainly because all the horses breezed according to plan. KTTM went three-eighths in .36¹/₂. Was concerned lest he go too fast and leave tomorrow's race on the track. I don't like to work a horse the day before a race because it excites them too much, though it's sometimes necessary.

March 15—It excites me, too. Arose half an hour early. Couldn't sleep. Think the race could be tough as there are some sprinters entered that can really scate.

The race was a fiasco. KTTM appeared to be left at the post and trailed the whole field by many lengths. My first thought was that he had broken down. But he pulled up O.K. Another trainer yelled down the clubhouse at me that it was his right hind leg. I thought perhaps he had thrown his stuff out of joint leaving the gate. Ran to the track and followed him back to the barn. Noticed that he hesitated to put weight on his right hind leg and foot, indicating a stifle or foot injury. Sent one of the men after the

vet, Dr. Joseph Burch (no relation), and let John Veitch saddle Farewell Party for the Royal Palm Handicap while I watched KTTM cool out. He would take two or three normal steps, then try to rest the right hind leg. The stake was due to start and I had to leave. On my way back to the stand I met Baeza. He said KTTM had been uneasy in the gate and he had asked for an assistant starter to stand by the horse's head, but the starter felt the horse was behaving all right. When the colt broke, instead of going straight away, he veered to the right, hit hard into another colt and nearly went down.

Farewell Party won (at 18 to 1). I accepted the trophy and hastened back to the barn. When I arrived, I found the men rubbing the colt dry with handfolds of straw as he was by now too sore to walk on the leg. One of Dr. Burch's assistants showed up. He said he didn't think it was a bone injury, but the colt probably had received a deep bruise in the area around the patella. He gave KTTM a massive dose of Butazolidin and a tranquilizer. At 8:30 p.m. the horse was still in distress, so he received a stronger tranquilizer. None for the trainer.

March 16—Arrived at the barn about 5:45 a.m. expecting the worst. But the foreman reported KTTM much improved. His stifle and hock were swollen. Dr. Burch examined him—he called the injury a massive bruise, no broken bones and apparently no tendon involvement. The clot would gradually move down the leg and dissolve into the bloodstream. Burch recommended the horse be kept in his stall for the next couple of days.

Time should take care of the injury, but now there is not enough time to do that and make it to Louisville, too.

March 24—The colt went to the track for the first time since his injury. We trotted him about a mile in a chute. He is bright and sassy and the swelling has localized just above his foot. The healing is continuing at a rapid rate. I may even be able to run him by the first week in May. But not in the Kentucky Derby.

Now let's say that Key to the Mint is my Belmont Stakes prospect.

April 1—Stop the presses! Head of the River, substituting for KTTM, won the Everglades, beating Riva Ridge. The track was a bog, which is how HOTR likes it best.

Do you suppose it could rain good fortune, after all, at Churchill Downs on May 6?

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by VIRGINIA KRAFT

BLACK FUTURE FOR THE WHITE-CROWN

If pigeons were as big as polar bears or as glamorous as leopards, there would be considerable growling among the watchdogs of the world's wildlife over the slaughter of the white-crowned pigeon. But the plight of *Columba leucocephala* has failed to arouse even a sympathetic shrug from those who should be concerned about its extinction. And unless drastic action is taken, extinction looms as a certainty.

The signals are classic: the bird's nesting, breeding and feeding grounds are disappearing at an alarming rate, while widespread and indiscriminate killing continues unchecked. That such signals have not served as red alerts in this era of conservation awareness, if not to ornithologists certainly to sportsmen, is as mystifying as some of the bird's habits.

No one seems really sure of where and how the white-crowned pigeon spends its winters. To date there has never been a full-scale scientific study of the bird's life, and the few scientists who have made private studies over the years are the first to admit that knowledge of the species is woefully inadequate. A handsome creature, the white-crowned pigeon has a snowy head, iridescent bronze-green neck feathers, crimson feet and maroon accents on otherwise gray plumage. It is considerably larger than the white-wing and mourning doves, measuring 13 to 14 inches in length and weighing between seven and eight ounces. Its flesh, all dark meat, is sweet-flavored and tender—facts which have enhanced its place on the dinner table at the expense of its longevity.

A bird of the southern islands, the white-crown once ranged in vast flocks from the Bahamas and the Florida Keys south to the Lesser Antilles, and throughout the West Indies to Mexico and Central America. Today its numbers are drastically reduced and, while it still occurs on many of the islands, the only breeding populations of any significance that remain are in the Dominican Republic, the Florida Keys, the Bahamas and possibly Cuba.

continued



Ornithologist C. J. Maynard, in his *The Birds of Eastern North America* (1896), described a nesting colony of white-crowned pigeons typical of the Bahamas at the end of the last century:

"One of the most remarkable sights that I ever witnessed as regards numbers of birds' nests was on one of the Washerwomen Keys off the South shore of Andros. These are small, rocky islets, lying on the barrier reef, and are some 25 feet high. On one of these little keys, which did not contain over an acre of land, there were at least 10,000 nests of the white-headed pigeon. The rocks were mostly covered with a scanty growth of low bushes and with a more luxuriant growth of cacti, and upon both plants and bushes the birds had placed their nests, and some were upon elevated portions of rock, while a few were placed upon the naked ground. So completely covered was the southern and northern portion of the key that the nests were nowhere over two feet apart, and often nearer together than that."

Other noted ornithologists of the past, including J. J. Audubon, Dr. Henry Bryant and P. H. Gosse, all reported observing similar vast breeding colonies

in which nests were built on the tops of prickly pears, on the branches of the royal palm, on the upper shoots of mangroves and often on clumps of brush growing in the shallows where the nests hung down almost touching the water.

All took note of the bird's proclivity for nesting on remote keys, in dense concealing brush, factors which have probably contributed to its surviving this long. The bird's basically shy, suspicious nature has doubtless also contributed, but other characteristics have worked against it.

To understand these, it is necessary to review what is known of the white-crown's breeding pattern. The bird principally breeds in summer but may arrive at the nesting grounds as early as April and remain as late as October. The time it spends on the nesting grounds probably depends more upon weather and food conditions than upon the calendar. The number of hatches in a single season also seems dependent upon weather and food, and may be as few as one or as many as four.

Unlike gallinaceous birds such as the pheasant, turkey and grouse, which produce clutches of several eggs, the white-crowned pigeon rarely if ever produces more than two. Studies made by Al-

exander Sprunt, director of research of the National Audubon Society, and probably the best-informed authority on the species today, indicate that from those eggs a breeding pair produces only about two young a year. Compared with the reproduction of quail, for example, pigeon reproduction is low.

"The incubation period lasts 13 days, during which both parents share the responsibility of tending the eggs. Where gallinaceous birds are fully developed at birth and generally able to follow their mothers soon after they hatch, the newborn squab is quite helpless. It often remains in the nest for as long as a month after birth, depending entirely upon its parents for food. Both male and female share the feeding chores, each producing in its crop a curdlike substance called pigeon's milk to feed the young.

It is during the breeding period, and particularly when the white-crowned pigeon has young, that it is most vulnerable. Normally it feeds in early morning and late afternoon, often flying 15 to 20 miles from the nesting site to a source of food and fresh water. Just as it needs lowland swamps and mangroves for its nesting site, the white-crowned pigeon needs hardwood forests for its food. An arboreal rather than a ground feeder, it depends upon the fruits and leaves of such trees as the sweetwood, breadnut, burmwood, fig, pimento and palm.

With no fledglings to feed, the white-crown flies in wild, erratic patterns at very high speeds, offering a target that is a challenge to even the best wing shots. But when there are young in the nest, it seems to have little time for such antics. Then the bird's flight, although still fast, is direct and determined, its sole purpose to get to food and get back to the nest as quickly as possible. Usually it adopts a specific path and follows it as if on a radar beam, ignoring any and all threats from below. Sometimes it flies so low over water that it appears to be skimming the surface, and over land it barely clears trees. At these times the bird seems bent on suicide.

There is no way to estimate the hundreds of thousands of white-crowned pigeons that have been killed by guns stationed out in the open without benefit of cover or blind, directly in one of these feeding flight paths. Hundreds of thousands more have been shot from

continued



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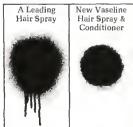


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1972 Ford Mustang SportsRoof
shown with Sprint Decor Option.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



1972 Ford Mustang Hardtop
shown with Sprint Decor Option.

boats anchored just off one of the breeding islands, only yards from the nesting grounds. Countless others have been killed on the feeding grounds as their *Komikaze* flight led them straight to the guns of shooters waiting among the trees. Most victims of such slaughter leave unhatched eggs or young squabs to die of starvation in their nests.

The white-crown slaughter is nothing new. Maynard took note of it nearly 100 years ago:

"Sportsmen from Nassau had been in the habit of visiting Green Key and shooting the breeding pigeons as they flew from their nests to cross to Andros Island, some 15 miles distant, where they are said to go daily for food and water. Many of the nests of the previous season which I had examined on Green Key contained broken eggs that contained the remains of half-formed young, and in some of the nests were the skeletons of newly hatched young; the parents of both eggs and young had doubtless been killed as they left the nests. This sight was a most piteous appeal to humanity. I was informed by one of my boatmen, who had accompanied hunting parties to the key, that so great was the slaughter of pigeons that many more were killed than were needed, and that he had frequently seen hundreds of birds buried in the sand of the beach near where they were shot."

Nor were shotguns the only villains Maynard cited. Referring again to the Washerwomen Keys, he wrote:

"My boatman informed me that this rookery was occupied by many thousand birds during the past year, and that the spongers were accustomed to visit the place at night and capture the sitting birds. This statement was confirmed by the remains of torches which were scattered about the island."

Other accounts—from Cuba, from the Bahamas, from the Dominican Republic—tell of organized beats in which natives moved systematically through breeding grounds, shaking bushes and trees until the squabs fell from their nests to the ground, where they were gathered by the thousands in bushel baskets to be used as pig feed.

It would be comforting to think that

such outrages belonged only to the past, but the slaughter continues—the white-crown pigeon is still being shot during its breeding season. Thousands of unhatched eggs and helpless squabs are still being left in nests with no hope of survival. Vast piles of dead birds are still rotting and decaying where they have been abandoned, victims of irresponsible hunters. And there is no indication that any of it will end until the last white-crown pigeon has been eliminated.

Last season a number of hotels in the Bahamas had stepped up campaigns in Florida and other Southern states, advertising pigeon shoots with daily bag limits of 50 birds and possession limits of 200.

"I am really concerned about the set-up there," says U.S. Game Management Agent Rudolph Switzer of Miami. "It's a cheap flight from here to the islands and you can mount a lot of hunting pressure advertising limits like that. What they didn't advertise is that U.S. regulations prohibit bringing in more than 10 birds in one calendar week. That means a lot of people are going to shoot birds and let them lay. It's a completely unrealistic waste of a fine natural resource."

Some people try smuggling birds in, but dead pigeons are more difficult to hide than pot. The most common attempts to bring birds in illegally are by private yacht, but Switzer and the U.S. Customs staff have become old hands at ferreting out foreign feathers. Switzer has seized as many as 500 white-crowns from a single yachtsman.

Illegal birds have also been flown in. A few years ago some 150 Floridians chartered two planes for a weekend shoot and returned with 1,000 pounds of pigeons. The more than 2,500 birds had neither been plucked nor gutted and many were already spoiled when the Department of Agriculture, alerted by the odor, confiscated the lot.

Until recently there were no bag limits at all on shooting white-crown pigeons in the Dominican Republic, which regularly attracts shooters during the breeding season from Puerto Rico, Martinique, Jamaica, Florida and as far away as New York and Texas. Individuals have been known to take as many as 2,000 birds on a weekend. The new limit of 100 birds a day is not likely to do much for the pigeon population, since there are no game-law enforcement

continued

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WHITE-CROWN

agents—or an effective game department—in the Dominican Republic and no one has been known to be arrested there for violating a game law.

The Dominican Republic is of major importance since it harbors the pigeon's single largest breeding grounds. Accurate population counts do not exist but educated estimates indicate that the other three major colonies—in the Bahamas, the Florida Bay area of the Keys, and the Lower Keys—number less than 10,000 birds each. Estimates of white-crown's remaining in Cuba are even more pessimistic, since virtually all the bird's feeding grounds were wiped out after the revolution. Thus the population in the Dominican Republic, which may be as high as 300,000 birds, is by far the most viable.

The breeding area is centered on Saona Island, 40 square miles of uninhabited mangrove swamp lying just off the southeastern tip of Hispaniola, 22 nautical miles from the town of La Romana. The birds fly north from Saona across the Caiman Strait and Catalina Bay to the Dominican mainland, then inland as far as a mile to feed on the soft red elliptical fruit of the parakeet tree, a plant indigenous to the West Indies.

As recently as 15 years ago the feeding grounds extended from a point about 10 miles west of La Romana along 60 miles of coastline to Cabo Engaño to the east. But much of that land has now been converted to sugarcane and grazing grasses, and what remains of this once richest of all white-crown feeding areas is less than 20 square miles between Punta Palmilla and Caleta Guanahano.

Raul Villaverde, an executive of Gulf + Western, the conglomerate that virtually owns La Romana and most of the surrounding countryside, fears the bird cannot survive the guns. A season ago he conducted an informal survey of the bird's situation on Saona. His conclusions were grim.

On one Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Villaverde covered about 10 miles of coastline between Las Palmillas and Los Oreganos. He recorded over 7,500 pigeons killed by 45 shooters. The figure might have been higher except that on Friday only seven of the shooters turned out, making that day's bag a paltry 580 birds.

"This was a typical weekend harvest,"

continued

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DATSUM

FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

Villaverde said. "It was estimated that last year's kill exceeded 100,000 birds, and it is my opinion that this estimate is on the low side.

"An average shot can expect to retrieve birds from 30% to 60% of his shells," he explained. "Let's imagine he averages an 'excellent' 50% score on 100 rounds. The other 50 rounds that did not down birds probably crippled 25 that will fly off and die, making a total kill of 75. Of these 75 birds, 50% would be females with two chicks in the nest. This brings the death toll to a total of around 150 birds." Of the pigeons Villaverde inspected, 60% of the females were carrying eggs and 90% of all the birds were in full plumage, confirming that they were in the middle of a hatch.

The parallels between the factors that doomed the passenger pigeon and those that now menace the white-crown pigeon are all too obvious. Were it also a bird of the mainland, as was the passenger pigeon, the white-crown would doubtless have succumbed long ago. The remoteness of its range and its general inaccessibility have bought it time, but now that time is running out. The jet has made even the bird's most distant haunts no further away than a weekend hop and, where once a privileged few partook of the slaughter, it is now open to all.

Just as the destruction of the forests which supplied its principal food and nesting places helped also to destroy the passenger pigeon, the destruction of specialized breeding and feeding places is helping to destroy the white-crown. All over the West Indies, once-great stands of fruit and hardwood trees are being replaced by sugarcane and subdivisions.

Industry is doing its bit. On St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, Crause Lagoon was a major white-crown breeding area only 10 years ago. Then, in 1962, Harvey Aluminum, Inc. moved its hull-dozer in, tearing up the lagoon, destroying the mangroves and driving the white-crown out. Today not a single bird remains.

Until recently, rumors of Japanese negotiations to develop Saona Island raised fears that it might suffer the same fate as Crause Lagoon. A Puerto Rico contractor, Ventura Barnes, who has been studying the birds for two decades, was so alarmed at what he believed would result in their certain extinction that he mounted a campaign to prevent devel-

(continued)

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WHITE-CROWN continued

opment of the island. Signing as many as 20 different names, he inundated everyone from Gulf+Western top brass to President Balaguer and his cabinet with impassioned letters imploring them to save Suona for the pigeons. As of this date it has been saved, but no one knows for how long.

On the Florida Keys, where all shooting is prohibited, the white-crown is safe from guns but its habitat is under fire. Here its principal food is the poisonwood which produces a berry delectable to pigeons and a rash despicable to people. The result is that as more and more development moves in, the poisonwood is being wiped out.

"It seems that every time I drive up a road these days," says Alexander Sprunt, "another field has been bulldozed for a trailer park or a shopping center. The native tree cover is disappearing everywhere. With its food basically threatened, the white-crowned pigeon's long-run existence has to be threatened."

And so, as man records his extraordinary technological achievements in this second half of the 20th century, it seems he will also be forced to record the elimination from this earth of one more species of wildlife.

This need not be. The white-crowned pigeon *could* be saved, but to do so would require unprecedented effort and cooperation among all the countries where the bird remains. All shooting must be prohibited during the entire nesting, breeding and hatching season. All other shooting must be suspended indefinitely until a broad-scale scientific study of the bird throughout its range determines how many, if any, can safely be shot—where, at what time of year, and for how long. The resultant laws must be scrupulously enforced in all countries and heavy fines levied for their violation. Existing nesting and feeding grounds must be guaranteed permanent protection. Additional new ones must be established and cultivated. Possible new food sources must be explored. More must be learned of the bird's migratory habits—how far it travels, where it winters, on what it feeds. The shooting and nonshooting public must be alerted to the pigeon's plight and united in efforts to prevent its extinction.

The white-crowned pigeon could be saved. The question is, will it? **END**

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Earl Muntz made his first fortune putting people on four wheels. Now he is trying for another by putting them on two. by EDWIN SHRAKE

LIFE WITH A MAD MOTOR MOGUL

Could this be the famous Madman Muntz? This balding little fellow in the gold-rimmed glasses, gazing morosely through a plate-glass window at the autumn gloom and the cranes and bulldozers tearing concrete out of Sepulveda Boulevard in Van Nuys, Calif.? He folds a leg to sit on a white shoe at his desk, he scratches; he glumly lights another Marlboro. Out in the street, past the big sign that says MUNTZ MOTOR MANSIONS, the traffic is blocked into a creeping mess. "They're killing me with this construction work, killing me," he says, spinning his gold lighter. "Much more of this, we could be giving our stuff away and not enough people could reach us to carry it all out." His lament was seasonal: by spring, when his market hit its peak, the cranes and bulldozers would be gone and prospective buyers would once more flow unimpeded along Sepulveda and into his parking lot. But now he fumes. On the wall behind the Madman's desk were some of the slogans that helped to make him famous 25 years ago, just after World War II, when autos were scarce and Muntz was one of the country's biggest used-car dealers. YOU TOO CAN BE A WEALTHY PEDESTRIAN. SELL YOUR CAR

TO MUNTZ. AND MORE IMPORTANTLY AGREE? WALKING IS GOOD FOR YOU! SELL YOUR CAR TO Muntz. Beside a slogan that says, I Don't 'em Retail—sell 'em Wholesale MORE FUN THAT WAS! was the old Madman logo, a little figure wearing a Napoleon hat, with scissors and a chain of paper cutouts. In those days he used to hire airplanes to fly over Los Angeles and other cities spelling out his name in the sky. But he hasn't done that in a while now. "With this smog," he says, "who can see the sky?"

What Madman Muntz has been able to do better than almost any of his peers during the last 25 years—smog or no smog—is spot a trend. After cars he leaped into television sets, then to automobile tape players. In each case he caught the tide just right and made a lot of money by riding it. Unfortunately, he has not always showed the same wisdom about knowing when to bail out. The result has been predictable: each of his fortunes was seriously eroded because he stayed with a good thing until it turned sour—and beyond.

Now he thinks he sees another wave rolling in—sports motorcycling—and he is paddling for all his worth to catch and ride it. No question, lightweight sport cycles, as they are called, are to the Southern Californian what snowmobiles are to the Minnesota winter sportsman. It is now difficult to climb high

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AVENUE 101—MAD MAN MUNTZ



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FOR YOUR CAR

SELL IT TO Muntz



enough or walk far enough into the mountains and deserts around L.A. and San Diego to escape these noisy intruders. They are the final noxious link between modern man and the wilderness. Beyond everything, they are ubiquitous. That, at least, is the way Madman Muntz sees it, and he hopes—if the L.A. street maintenance people will let him—to make fortune No. 4 off that vision by marketing his own line of motor homes and Japanese motorcycles in that old, campy, surefire way.

After his period of glory as a used-car dealer Muntz became the nation's largest individual new-car dealer, selling Kaisers and Frasers, brands of automobiles that have now disappeared and that Muntz says were pretty sorry to begin with. As an auto salesman on a grand scale, Muntz stuck to definite devices. His auto showrooms were open from 7 a.m. until 9 p.m. seven days a week. He insisted that his salesmen be dressed in the Madman's idea of a sporty image, with their shoes shined and a crease in their trousers but none in their shirtsleeves. ("A creased shirtsleeve might have been O.K. in New York in those days," says Muntz, "but in California it was not hep.") The salesman would greet the prospect at the door and swiftly deliver him to the turnover man, whose job was to get the name on the contract. Muntz says the best turnover man he ever knew was his old friend Don Adams (not the comedian), who in one year wrote 5,500 deals. A salesman received only \$8 to \$10 per car sold, but a salesman who didn't earn \$1,000 per month knew he was in trouble. At the end of each month the two lowest-ranking salesmen for that period were automatically fired.

Muntz was still running around with movie stars then and going to nightclubs, and his name was used on the air by his friend Bob Hope as a household gag, as immediately identifiable in its time as, say, Ringo Starr or Knute Rockne in theirs. When the Kaiser-Frazer distributorship bubbled out of sight into a bog of disagreements between Muntz and Henry Kaiser, the Madman was ready to begin selling America what was already, in 1948, becoming one of its obsessions—television.

In 1947 Earl Muntz had grossed \$72 million in the auto business and had begun raising money for his TV venture from such investors as Hope and

Bert Lahr. He started manufacturing his own TV sets, taking parts from other manufacturers and putting them together in a method designed by Muntz man Rex Wilson. Muntz calls it a "revolutionary simplification" of the TV set. For the first time that clumsy box in the living room did not look like the instrument panel of a twin-engine plane. There were only three knobs on the Muntz set—one for channel selection, one for volume and one for picture control. Prices were sensational for the time—\$199.50 for a 10-inch screen up to \$299.50 for a 12-inch console.

Muntz poured money into advertising with jingles ("There's something about a Muntz TV" and "Cheer, cheer for old Muntz TV" and his musical trademark, the ditty "M-U-N-T-Z, that's Muntz" to the tune of Strauss' *Arise! Life! Waltz*) and commercial messages that promised a Muntz salesman at your house to demonstrate a set within an hour of your phone call. Before long Muntz was making and selling 50,000 sets per month. By 1954, in fact, Muntz TV was such a flourishing, expanding business that Muntz went bankrupt.

"The trouble with being a big dealer is you can get killed fast," Muntz, 57, says as he lights another Marlboro and peers out the window at the syrup flow of traffic in front of Muntz Motor Mansions. "You get this momentum going, all these commitments. Two or three bad weeks, you're burned. Muntz TV was doing \$55 million per year. Then in 1953 General Burnoff of RCA said everybody would have color TV by the end of the year. Our volume immediately dropped in half. When he opened his mouth, we were devastated."

Muntz TV was reorganized and the Madman sold out his stock for 75¢ a share, down from \$6. He began looking around for something new and hot. In the early 1960s he decided the blooming field would be stereo tapes and tape players for automobiles. Muntz helped to develop—some say he invented—the four-track stereo tape cartridge. Muntz Autostereo built the first 18,000 cartridge players in a plant in California and then found a Japanese manufacturer and began importing 600,000 players a year under the name Muntz Stereo-Pak. Muntz organized dealerships and signed contracts with record companies to get music for his tape library.

"With Capitol we had a guarantee to

pay them \$2.3 million over three years," he says. "The Beatles were 20% of Capitol's business and a good part of ours. If the Beatles had a big album, we made money. If they had a cold year, we got hurt. One year when they were in a slump we lost \$300,000. But I was producing 30,000 cartridges every day. I had no competition until about 1969 when everybody and his uncles and cousins jumped in. They started fighting and bidding and drove talent costs up so high nobody could do well."

Besides the competition, two other factors finally forced Muntz out of stereo tape. One was the development of the eight-track tape cartridge by Bill Lear. "I fought the eight-track concept, but Bill Lear got in there and convinced people. He won, but I still say the four-track is better." Another factor was the rising number of music bootleggers.

"Bootleggers are doing over 50% of the business in tape cartridges," Muntz says. "They save at least \$1.25 in royalties on each cartridge. Many of the tapes you see in any auto stereo player are phony labels, bootlegged. Very few four-track tape cartridges are produced legally any more." In 1970 Muntz sold his Stereo-Pak outfit and once again pondered what it was America might need that Madman Muntz could offer.

He considered and rejected video tape cartridges, and when nothing else caught his interest sufficiently, the Madman decided to hang up his Napoleon hat, pull down his billboards, surrender his tables at nightclubs and restaurants that were folding faster than he was and do something he had never thought he would do. He decided to retire.

Muntz had begun his working life as an installer of car radios in Elgin, Ill. At the age of 20 he rented a used-car lot for \$5 per month, bought 27 automobiles for \$330 and was in business, although his mother had to countersign his deals for another year. One of his first successes was selling a 1927 Whippet for \$15. He sold the same Chrysler five times to people who couldn't make the payments. During the Depression of the 1930s, junk dealers were turning large profits in the car business by selling tires, parts and scrap metal, but Muntz kept at the occupation of selling cars that would run, and by the time he was 21 he had his own Chrysler dealership. Moving to the West Coast with his crack salesman Don Adams, Muntz

Continued

worked with organizer Ed Lattner and advertising man Mike Shore. They invented the little logo figure, without Napoleon hat, with the slogan no sex, no trucks, no high pressure, but it was not until a radio ad said, "See this automotive madman immediately" that "Madman" Muntz was born.

Other than his merchandising interests and his fondness for tinkering with electrical gadgets, Muntz had also been involved in auto racing during the 1930s, owning three midge racers. Being retired at last, he now saw himself sliding slowly into a funk of boredom. "For three months I climbed the walls," he says. He continued asking himself, What Does America Want from Madman Muntz? Muntz figured he would go on the road for a while to air out his mind. He borrowed a motor home—one of those self-propelled bedroom-kitchens—from a friend, actor Wendell Niles, and drove through Northern California and out to Yosemite. On the road Muntz realized he had found the answer. What America wanted was what Muntz was riding around in.

"I fell in love with that motor home," he says. "It was better to have, cheaper and more fun, than a boat or a plane, both of which I'd owned. And I saw so many motor homes on the road, I knew there would soon be a lot more."

Typically, Muntz drove back and bought 76 motor homes of his own. He located a spot on Sepulveda, before the street began being overhauled, and opened Muntz Motor Mansions. Very quickly Madman Muntz discovered he had not, after all, found the answer, though he was at the first step. The answer to What America Really Wanted was not motor homes but motorcycles.

The way Muntz learned the true answer was that when people came in to leave his motor homes a great many of them asked for racks to be installed on the back so they could carry along their bikes. If there were so many who wanted to carry bikes aboard motor homes, the Madman reasoned, how many more must there be who had just as soon take the bikes without bothering with the motor homes? Enough, he figured, for him to fade out of the motor home business and to buy 535 motorcycles to rent.

It is obvious to anyone who has taken a look around America that there is indeed already a bike boom. Not just motorjock gangs, or kids, or racers, but

vast numbers of solid Middle Americans are hanging along the roads on Hondas, Yamahas and Harley-Davidsons. A guy turns 40, gets a divorce and buys a motorcycle, it happens all the time. But the boom you see today is a gentle breeze compared to the hurricane of motorcycle lust envisioned by Madman Muntz.

"Whatever happens on the West Coast happens on the East Coast later, and this motorcycle thing is really growing fast in California," says Muntz. "Almost everything in the country starts in the West and moves to the East. You can look for motorcycles all over New York in a couple of years. The big cause of the boom is the Japs"—he never calls them Japanese—"have finally come out with a motorcycle people will ride. Honda has made the industry, no doubt about it. The black-leather-jacket crowd hurt the image for a while, but whole families are getting into riding motorcycles now. It's no more dangerous than football or water skiing. I damn near lost a leg water skiing in 1952, so I know. People like the sporting aspect of motorcycles, the different clubs, races, the pure fun of just climbing on a bike and riding it someplace."

The phone rings on Muntz' desk. "Yes. . . ? Well. . . hmmm," he frowns, lighting another cigarette. "They both broke a leg. . . ? Were they our bikes. . . ? That's rougher than a cob, boy."

On the other end of the line is Muntz' son Jim, 31, who manages Biker's Country, a 500-acre Disneyland for cyclists run by Muntz near Thousand Oaks. Jim was named for race driver Jimmy Snyder, who was killed in a crash in the 1930s. A skin diver, former member of an underwater demolition team in the Navy, a boat racer and enthusiastic water skier, Jim Muntz and a couple of assistants rent out 126 motorcycles to crowds of 500 or more at Biker's Country. Race days, there may be 5,000 people arriving at the hilly, dusty site some 50 miles north of Los Angeles.

"When you first get a bike, you want to get your family and friends involved in it," Jim Muntz says in the small office at Biker's Country while motorcycles roar on the paths and racetracks outside. "Then you become the neighborhood's No. 1 mechanic on Saturdays. Pretty soon your neighbors buy their own bikes, and wives who want to keep their husbands join right in, and the

kids learn to ride, and it's bikes under the tree at Christmas. Used to be, people said you were gummy, or even suicidal, if you rode a bike. Now old ladies ride them, everybody rides them."

A significant problem in the motorcycle rental business, though, is the insurance rate. Anyone who tends to be absentminded, for example, is liable to be heading toward a dandy wreck when he rides a motorcycle, which requires concentration, feel and an awareness of what is coming up next. Drunks on motorcycles don't last long. On the streets there is auto traffic to contend with. Many auto drivers still seem to view motorcycles as a menace to be squashed. There is a sound reason for the wearing of leather jackets and heavy denim pants by motorcycle riders. The outfit may save a few yards of skin when you are skidding on asphalt.

"Some guys can learn to ride a bike in five minutes, but I think it usually takes about a month of practice at a park like this before you ought to trust yourself out in traffic," says one of Jim Muntz' assistants. He is saying this to a visitor who nods vigorously. The visitor has just gone down a hill on a race-course in a very showy end-over-end style while his bike lay peacefully in the dirt about three-quarters of the way up. "But it's the greatest sport there is."

The only thing Madman Muntz can think of that might delay the bike boom is the economy. "We're hurt bad out here in California," he says. "It used to be the kids had most of the spendable income, but this past summer the kids couldn't get jobs. People out here aren't paying bills like they used to. Muntz Motor Mansions won't take in as much money this year as I used to spend in a month on advertising Muntz TV."

He thinks about this for a moment and his face brightens.

"But motorcycles are a hell of a lot cheaper to buy and run than automobiles," he says, "and if you can't afford to buy a motorcycle, we'll be more than happy to rent you a freeway-legal bike for \$8 a day and only 8¢ a mile, and you can get through traffic jams like that one out there a whole lot easier than you can in a car. In a car you could grow a beard before you got down Sepulveda."

He grins. On the wall behind him is a sign that says **EVEN SANTA CLAUS BELIEVES IN MUNTZ.**

END

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Jim Palmer, the handsome Orioles 20-game winner, made almost \$5,000 when he filmed his last commercial for hair cream. Considering the employment situation in major league baseball, the prospect of movie jobs should make his wife **Susie** very happy. But after she saw the commercial she told Palmer he would have to clear all future movie commitments with her. It seems she was not too pleased by the proximity of her husband to a pretty actress in the commercial's closing moments. "Susie surprised me," remarked Palmer recently. "I figured she'd put money before principle."

Rang officials in South Osney, England were convinced they had a boxing prodigy on their hands in 12-year-old **Jackie Fuller**, who had a terrific punch. Then it turned out that Jackie was short not for John, but for Jacqueline, and—punch or no punch—he had to go. Still, said her coach, **Bill Green**: "That girl is the best boy I've ever trained."

San Francisco's intelligentsia have discovered **Roller Derby**. **Elsa Cameron**, curator of the art school at the city's De Young Memorial Museum, has included a Bay Bomber helmet in an exhibit called "Changing Fac-

es" which opened at the museum last week. The idea was to contrast the headgear of ancient and modern tribes, and the acquisition prompted **Roller Derby Commissioner Jerry Seltzer** to an excess of ardor. "I am delighted," he said, "that Ms. Cameron has the perception to realize the cultural and sociological implications of a Bomber helmet."

♦ Still on his own strike against Oakland A's Owner **Charles Finley**, **Pricher Vids Blue** blew into New York last week to sign up for another career, in case his other two—baseball and public relations—begin to pull. Here he is with Actor **Richard Roundtree** (right) after *Blue* signed for a role in a forthcoming *Shaft* film in which Roundtree will star. That thing they're examining is not an Over-John.

The U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs has announced plans for the establishment of an American Indian Athletic Hall of Fame, to be located at Haskell Indian Junior College, Lawrence, Kans. The man who did the announcing was an American Indian athlete of distinction, **Billy Mills**, who won the 10,000-meter run at the 1964 Olympics—the only American

ever to capture the event. Mills is now assistant to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, **Louis R. Bruce**. One of the prime goals of the Hall of Fame will be to restore the 1912 Olympic medals that were stripped from **Jim Thorpe**.

Darrell Royal had a hoodown at his place in Austin the other day, which is not really such a surprise, since the Texas football coach is a longtime devotee of foot-stompin' music. The gathering included many of the top names in country and Western music. The session was a kind of postscript to the Dripping Springs Reunion, a three-day C&W festival. Afterward Royal asked the artists to come by, and among those who did were **Red Lane**, **Charlie and Margaret Ann Rich**, **Waylon Jennings**, **Rita Coolidge**, **Kris Kristofferson** and **Willie Nelson**. Royal ran things like a Longhorn practice session, imposing on his guests a strict rule of silence while the musicians were playing and whistling down any violations.

The world now has a square-ball golf champion, leading Airman **Fred Ryan** of Britain's commando catyner, **H.M.S. Albion**. The game was invented by **Albion** crewmen after they found, not surprisingly, that ordinary golf balls kept rolling off the flight deck. Somebody carved up some square wooden ones and tried hitting them with hockey sticks. Now the players club their golf cubes around a sporty little course with hazards made of ship's machinery. Airman Ryan clattered around in 42. Said Commander **A. S. Watt**: "The ball flew fairly straight until it hit a ringbolt...."

When **Pam Van Hatten** tells her husband **Tom**, an Arlington, Texas welterweight, that she is in his corner, she isn't employing a figure of speech. She has been



working as his second for the last six months, and the arrangement seems to be paying off. Van Hatten hasn't lost a fight since his wife took over the smelling salts, and even the boxing pundits who were apprehensive about her shapely presence at ringside are beginning to come around because lately she has turned out to be something of a drawing card. "I figured Pam was just another dumb blonde," said her grateful husband, "but she picked up the fight game quickly."

♦ You might call it a divorce in name only. Officials of the Hazel Park racecourse in Detroit decreed that jockeys **Mary** and **Johnny Bacon** could not remain married and continue to ride at their oval. Reason: in case of a protest or claim against one of them, the other couldn't be forced to testify. This legal technicality cost the Bacons several mounts, and now it has cost them their marriage. But since they both loved their careers as well as each other, they decided to accept the divorce decree and continue riding.



The week that wasn't

The nation turned its suffering eyes to the labor news as baseball's striking players checked out basketball, paddle ball and even softball

The nation got along quite nicely without the national pastime last week, thank you. Taxes were paid, elections won, gangsters shot. It was business as usual, except of course for major league baseball, an enterprise that seemed to be taxing its own dubious instinct for survival.

Despite the players' strike, which forced postponement of all games, a Florida newspaper, the *Orlando Sentinel*, printed a box score for what would have been the Opening Day game between Cincinnati and Houston. All players were shown to have no at bats, no runs, no hits and no RBIs. The symbolism was obvious: baseball had shut itself out, pitched itself a big fat goose egg.

What was particularly poignant in all of this was that the issues that separated management and labor—mismanagement and non-labor?—seemed too intramural to arouse much passion among the paying public. Were the owners, by refusing to enrich an already generous pension plan, really pressing a crown of thorns down upon the brow of labor? Were the players, in their inextinguishable avarice, really setting out to rob the robber barons? Viewed as a matter either way of the rich getting measurably richer, apathy could be the only response.

The players steadfastly insisted that money was not the issue in their grievance with the owners, but the survival of their association as an effective bargaining agent. The owners, they said, were not out to save money so much as they were intent on humiliating the association and weakening the authority of its executive director, the redoubtable Marvin Miller. Miller has said he did not counsel a strike vote but that when it came he was proud of the fledgling unionists who had the courage to stand up to "the 24 multimillionaires who control this game." The owners replied that

they would not be investing more than \$5 million in benefits for members of a union they were trying to bust. The players, they said, had been led astray by the Svengali, Miller. And lurking in the shadows, rustling its shroud, was the dread specter of the Curt Flood assault on the reserve clause.

So the sports pages read like financial pages, and the public yawned. Actuarial studies . . . outside arbitration . . . cost-of-living increases . . . available funds . . . federal mediation. . . Is this the language of diversion? What has any of this to do with playing ball? Only the very naive would suggest that professional sports be more sporting than professional, but for the impatient fan enough was enough.

The only noneconomic baseball story of the week was a melancholy one: the funeral of Met manager and former Dodger hero Gil Hodges. Afterward, the Mets showed there was some sentiment—and perhaps a little wisdom—left in the business by hiring as Hodges' successor Yogi Berra. The Mets also completed a trade with Montreal that Hodges initiated—the Mets' Tim Lincecum for the Expos' Mike Jorgensen and Ken Singleton for Rusty Staub.

Staub himself proved to be a sentimentalist. He was sorry, he said, to be leaving his good friends in Montreal. "I've never been accepted so completely so quickly, not as a ballplayer, but as a person. It's been the best three years of my life." The bodies might be gone, but maybe there was still some soul left in the game.

Where, indeed, were the bodies? Most of the players returned to the ones where they lived or where they hoped eventually to play. Things being what they were last week, they all exercised informally.

Lou Brock of the Cardinals and Luis Aparicio of the Red Sox worked out

continued



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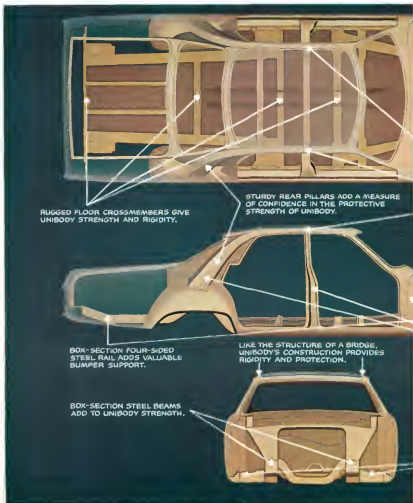
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FISHING IN THE OHIO WAS AN ALTERNATIVE TO CINCINNATI'S NONOPENING DAY ACROSS THE RIVER

with their sons—Brock and son in St. Louis, Aparicio and son in Maracibo, Venezuela. Pete Rose of the Reds worked out with the team from his old high school. Chris Cannizzaro of the Dodgers worked out with the Padres in San Diego, where he lives, and Vada Pinson of the Angels worked out with the A's in Oakland, where he lives.

Mickey Lolich of the Tigers worked out on his motorcycle. Riding through gravel pits and gullies, says Lolich, "is great for the legs."

The Braves were working out together until they ran out of bats and balls. "We only had two bats to start with," said Pitcher Cecil Upshaw, "and we broke both of those the second day. On top of that, Henry Aaron hit all our balls into the trees and we lost them. It's hard to practice without any bats and balls."

The Pirates also worked out together. Almost. The exception was Pitcher Dock Ellis, who told Manager Bill Virdon that practicing with the rest of the team was "kowtowing to management." "I do think," said Virdon, "that Dock is working out on his own someplace." That presumably is what Dick Allen of the White Sox is doing. Allen, who missed all of spring training, signed his 1972 contract the day the strike was called and has been missing since.

The Reds were playing basketball, which is hardly kowtowing to management, this being a game much in disfavor with the Cincinnati hierarchy since

Centerfielder Bobby Tolan tore an Achilles' tendon on the court and missed all of last season. The Orioles were also playing basketball, as well as paddle ball, a game that has had a bad name in Baltimore since Colt Quarterback Johnny Unitas tore his Achilles' tendon a year ago playing it.

The Dodgers were playing softball. Their game against a team of Los Angeles disc jockeys somehow attracted an estimated 8,000 fans into Casey Stengel Field in beautiful downtown Glendale. The Dodgers batted cross-handed, threw wrong-handed and ran to some strange bases. Frank Robinson fell down under an imaginary pop fly. The score was 8-8. The Dodgers are obviously in mid-season form.

Willie Mays of the Giants showed up at Candlestick Park to collect some equipment so he could work out and was summarily rebuffed by a clubhouse attendant who didn't recognize him. Willie Mays.

Gary Nolan of the Reds was recognized, to his embarrassment, in a Cincinnati restaurant at lunch one day. "Get out of here, Nolan!" a diner shouted. "Remember what we did to the Royals." This was a reference to the poor fan support that caused the National Basketball Association team to flee Cincinnati for Kansas City. And Nolan's teammate, Johnny Bench, was recognized on the golf course by an old business friend who wanted to complain to him about the inequities of his own pen-

sion plan. Bench did not tip his cap.

In Anaheim one fan was organizing his own union, the United Baseball Fans of America—which will contest such critical issues as rising ticket prices, fan comfort, quality of play and . . . players' strikes. "The only way the club owners and the ballplayers are going to recognize the view of the fans," a UBFa statement read, "is through united action of the people who are actually paying the bills."

Jackie Jensen, who won the American League's Most Valuable Player award 14 years ago, is not a member of the fans' union, but he was assuredly with it in spirit.

"There are now 26 players getting over \$100,000," said Jensen from his Carson City, Nev. home. "I can't believe that all of them are worth it. But I'll tell you one thing: if any fan, including me, goes out to a ball game to see a \$100,000 guy play, I expect him to be a super-super player. I think playing baseball is a privilege. I enjoyed it, and it was a game to me. It doesn't look like it is anymore. And if it isn't, it isn't going to be much from here on in—either to the fans or the players. And I think that's a tragedy."

A gloomy and melodramatic forecast, perhaps. When the players return, the fans will be there. But Jensen may be right: they may be looking at the game a little differently.

That may not be tragic, but it is a little sad.

END

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It's the family-sized hardtop with sporty styling. And it's specially equipped with all the most popular options. Approximate retail value, \$4,065.

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A full case of delicious Dr. Pepper soft drink. Approximate retail value, \$3.50 per case.



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1. No purchase necessary.
2. All entries must be postmarked by June 5, 1972, and received by the judging firm by June 12. Entries received after June 12 are not eligible. Mail each entry separately. Only one winner per person per household.
3. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of a drawing from among those entries with Lee Trevino's correct 72-hole score for the '72 U.S. Open. Should there be insufficient correct entries, or should no correct entries be received, a second drawing will be held to award the balance of prizes from among all entries received. All prizes will be awarded.
4. In the event that Lee Trevino should not play in the 1972 U.S. Open—for whatever reason—all entries become eligible for all prizes. If Lee should not make the 36 hole cut, or be injured, or withdraw during play, or be disqualified, all entries become eligible for all prizes. In such instances, the '72 Dodge Charger Topper X then becomes the sole First Prize.
5. The Golf Professional, Assistant Professional or Retailer whose name appears on the First Prize winner's entry form will also receive a check from Faultless matching Lee Trevino's winnings, plus a '72 Dodge Charger Topper X—guaranteed minimum, regardless of how much Trevino wins.
6. Drawing will be held on June 20, 1972, at the offices of H. Olsen & Company, an independent organization, whose decisions will be final. Winners will be notified.
7. Employees of Faultless Golf Products and other divisions of the parent corporation, Abbott Laboratories, its agents, advertising agencies and representatives are ineligible to win.
8. Local, state and federal taxes are the responsibility of the winners.
9. Contest subject to federal, state and local laws. Void where prohibited.

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Faultless

15



U.S. was up Down Under

Harry Hopman may have changed hats but the old magic remains and his young American team walloped everyone from Melbourne to Sydney

Ever hear of Vitas Gerulaitis? If not, you will—and so will Forest Hills and Wimbledon. A fortnight ago nobody in Australia had ever heard of Vitas Gerulaitis either, but now his name is a household word in Melbourne and Sydney, not to mention the little market town of Shepparton, 113 miles north of Melbourne. Of course, Vitas Gerulaitis is not the easiest of household words. Rhyme Vitas with meetus, Gerulaitis with arthritis, pronounce the G as in gamesmanship and you'll be close.

In any event, everybody in Sheppar-

ton, the peach, pear and apple capital of Australia, knows how to say it now.

In three days Vitas wrought more havoc in Shepparton than the fruit fly. How can a 17-year-old Long Island, N.Y. schoolboy devastate an Australian town 10,000 miles away from his Howard Beach home? Well, in order to wreck Shepparton, Vitas first had to get there. To publicize the inauguration of its direct service from New York to Melbourne, American Airlines brought Vitas and 25 other young U.S. tennis players—17 boys and nine girls, all 14 to 18—to Australia to compete in the 48th annual Shepparton Lawn Tennis Club Easter weekend tournament and in exhibitions in Melbourne and Sydney. *World Tennis* magazine picked the players, the best in their sections. And the Shepparton club conspired in its own downfall. Originally the notion had been that the invading Americans would compete only in junior events, but the hospitable Aussies entered them in everything—the men's open championship and the men's A singles, to mention the top two categories. Vitas won them both.

Gerulaitis' triumphs were only the top of an Antarctic iceberg of U.S. conquests, and there was even a measure of consolation for the Victorians. The architect of the disaster, they reminded each other, was an Australian—Harry Hopman, the taskmaster of Australia's 20-year Davis Cup dynasty. The ground-work for this extraordinary defection was laid some years ago when Hopman's cup teams began to slip and his differences with the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia were sharpened by the advent of open tennis (he was against it). "All our great players will go where the money is," Hopman warned then, and two years ago Harry went, too.

Now the proprietor of a flourishing tennis academy in Port Washington, N.Y., Hopman was an obvious, though

inspired, choice to "chaperon" the young Americans. The Australian press insisted on referring to him as "coach" of the American team, but in fact he met most of the players for the first time when the group gathered in New York. On the other hand, from that moment on there was no doubt that he was in charge. The juniors regarded him with affectionate awe and called him "Sir Hoppy," though not to his face. (Australians believe Hopman would have relished a knighthood to crown his Davis Cup successes and suspect the Queen's preference for jockeys contributed to his departure from the Commonwealth.)

At 65 and a merry new bridegroom, Hopman arrived in Melbourne thrash as a swagman. "Don't you feel you're selling out Australia by coaching Americans?" he was asked at Tullamarine Airport. "Tennis is an international game," he answered. "I've always looked at it that way and the fact that I'm not in Australia doesn't worry me a bit." Of his American charges, he said: "I think these kids will be too strong for our juniors." Too right, Harry.

In three days' time, with only a soft word here and a gentle hint there, Hopman had shaped these tennis-obsessed kids into a striking force soberly purposeful as Vince Lombardi's Green Bay legions. Shepparton lay before them, ripe as one of the district's giant peaches and stuffed with players from all over Victoria attracted by the chance to test themselves against the Yanks.

On Saturday morning, in sunshine blazing out of a pale blue bowl of cloudless sky, the carnage began. In the early rounds the Americans were matched against Australians—men, women and children—and an almost embarrassing number of matches ended 8-0 (to handle the enormous entry list the club had prescribed the eight-game "pro" set in many divisions). From the outset it was clear that Vitas had cast himself as the star of the show. He is a husky six-footer, his head crowned by a Marxist (Harpo) aureole of curly blond hair that reaches below his collar, his eyes peering around a jib of a nose, his mouth as expressive as a 12-string guitar. "I say," said one Australian onlooker, "he looks a bit like your comedian Danny Ky." Indeed he does, and when points are in dispute—as they were in nearly



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SCOTT'S
The Lawn People

every match Vitas played—he looks like Danny Kaye playing King Lear.

In his first match in the men's bracket Gerulaitis breezed through a capable 39-year-old Aussie named John McInnes, after shaking up McInnes in the second set by challenging line calls and the score on one game. In his second he destroyed Stephen Myer, the No. 4 Victorian junior, by disputing the score and demanding an umpire (umpires were provided only for the finals).

"Silly idiot," said Harry Hopman. "He's got to learn to behave." Tall order. Gerulaitis is the only tour player Hopman has worked with for the past year, and Sir Hoppy—forever remembered for his iron discipline over Davis Cup teams—has yet to inhibit him in any way. While Vitas was commanding the attention of the crowd, the other juniors were methodically working their way through a dismaying number of brackets. By Sunday night Howard Schoenfeld of Beverly Hills, the smallest American, had won the boys under-15 championship, and of the 11 divisions in which they were entered U.S. juniors were in the finals, semifinals or quarterfinals of every one. In the course of play, Billy Martin, a slight, 15-year-old from Palos Verdes Estates in California, had disposed of Max Pettman, who last November won the men's championship at Kooyong in Melbourne.

The real proof of Hopman's leadership came on Monday, a day that dawned chill and drizzly. The tournament management said "play." A number of the U.S. juniors, 20 of whom had never before performed on dry grass, let alone wet, demurred, but after a low-key pep talk from Hopman, each of them—given a clear choice between being a hero or a rat-link—chose hero. As the spectators hunched in the slight cover of the clubhouse porch, the Americans struggled out under streaming skies. It was in this dank setting that Gerulaitis had his finest hour. Down 3-6 against Billy Martin, who was playing with surgical precision despite the rain, Vitas stopped everything with an anguished protest of Martin's "let" call on a service that might have been an ace. This demonstration ended with Vitas jumping the net, pushing Billy (but not very hard) and then stalking off the court, again demanding an umpire.

The umpire was provided, but by then

his presence was academic. Martin, whose emotions are as internalized as Vitas' are externalized, let his rage destroy his game. Gerulaitis easily won the next two sets, 6-2, 6-2. Meanwhile, in what may have been the best match of the tournament, Freddy De Jesus, the 17-year-old Puerto Rican who is the latest product of Welby Van Horn's justifiably famous Canbe Hilton tennis school, upset Herb FitzGibbon, who seven years ago was on the U.S. Davis Cup squad. FitzGibbon was something of a ringer, having also come to Australia as another chaperon.

It was a famous victory, but it was too much for Freddy, who already had played two matches in the rain. An hour later against Vitas he simply gave out. At one point, after a desperate and unsuccessful dash for a soft little chop, De Jesus slid all the way under the net. Vitas, one eye on the wet and bedraggled gallery, promptly began counting him out. Freddy got up at seven, but played groggily thereafter. Vitas was the new champion of the Goulburn Valley.

The nine girls from the U.S. did not lose a match until they began playing each other. The Fleming sisters of Florida—Laure and Carrie, both students of Chris Evert's father, Jim—were in the finals or semifinals of no less than five events. By nightfall Monday two things were clear: 1) Thanks to the rain and Shepparton's overambitious scheduling, the tournament could not be finished; 2) It didn't matter much, because the finalists or semifinalists in the top events were all Americans anyway. A quick decision was made: the U.S. juniors and their entourage would return

to Melbourne and, hopefully, would complete the matches at the famed Kooyong courts, where Hopman once prepared his lethal Davis Cup forces.

The first day at Kooyong the American boys once again shattered the Victorian juniors, winning 18 singles and losing only two, while the girls were even less polite—they won seven singles and three doubles and lost none. Next day on to Sydney, where the 48th annual Shepparton Lawn Tennis Tournament reconvened at world-famed White City.

Playing on center court, Vitas once again humbled Martin, 8-3, to reach the final in the under-19 bracket. "Please let me laugh," Billy cried in anguish as one of Gerulaitis' cross-court placements shot by 15 feet away.

Few people doubted that lithe, dark Laurie Fleming would beat lithe, blonde Sue Stap, her teammate, for the women's championship, and those few people were right. Sue, whose forehead is reminiscent of Maureen Connolly's, trimmed Laurie 8-6.

Pleasure was written all over Harry Hopman throughout the visit. The press not only allowed him to reiterate his jabs at the LTAA, but the performance of the American juniors and the non-performance of the Australians seemed to vindicate his stand that the open game would destroy Australia's tennis future. Where are the Lavers and Hoods and Rosewalls and Sedgmans and Fraseres and Emersons and Roses of the next decade? Maybe in the Outback. After the U.S. girls' successive sweeps at Shepparton, Kooyong and White City, one irreverent American, thinking of Evonne Goolagong, muttered: "Better send for the abos."

Hopman had one last blow in store for the LTAA. Before leaving Melbourne Sir Hoppy hired Alex Aitchison, the longtime manager of Kooyong and the secretary of the Victorian LTA, to manage his Port Washington Tennis Academy. At White City, Harry asked an American Airlines official: "How long do we stop in Fee-jee?" "We will be in Fee-jee about an hour," he was told. "Fee-jee, is that how you say it?" Harry asked. "Yes," said his companion. "But you are right—I know Fee-jee is the Australian pronunciation." Harry grinned. "No, I must be the one to change," he said. "I live in Port Washington now."

END



THE RETURN OF A HAPPY SIR HOPPY



Victoria Brown is the Oregon cox—when the authorities permit

Case of the ineligible bachelorette

For some, it is unimaginable. There are the intent grimaces, the brawny arms and corded thighs heaving together to the beat of an eight-oared racing shell in full flight. But there also, posed behind those 1,500 pounds of straining musculinity, is a girl, one Victoria Brown, wearing a floppy knit hat and Great Gatsby Roxy lipstick.

As coxswain of the University of Oregon heavyweight crew Vicky Brown slipped on her megaphone for the first time three weeks ago, but getting to the starting line had been a long pull. One day last fall Vicky, who is 18 and a freshman in English from Beaverton, Ore., was standing on the corner outside her boyfriend's house. Her errand was to tell the crew bus to wait until Bruce got his shoes on. The guys on the bus said, "Forget Bruce. Come aboard." Shortly thereafter Vicky found herself on the beige waters of Dexter Lake, a flood-control reservoir 20 miles east of Eugene that is trimmed with newly melted snow from the surrounding Cascade Mountains.

"At first it was a novelty," says Vicky. "I had fun just watching, but the guys said try out as a coxswain and Don Costello gave me a chance to learn."

Costello, 23, had rowed for California. In this, his first year as a coach, he saw the Brown issue as one of sincerity. "She was no worse at moving a boat than some of the male coxswains I've tried to row with," he says. "She was eager and conscientious, and for some wacky reason she seemed to dig rowing. It isn't in the tradition of crew to cut anyone like that."

But she was a girl. Costello checked with Karl Drlica, the Oregon State coach and president of the Western Intercollegiate Crew Coaches Association. Drlica said Vicky would not be eligible to cox for Oregon. It was in the rules.

"When I heard about it," Vicky recalls, "I thought, 'I'm not going to let them pull that.' I really started to take it seriously."

Costello took the case to Wendell Basye, a law professor and Oregon's spurned faculty representative to the Pacific Eight. Basye discovered that the WICCA rule barring women was based on a supposed NCAA ban. Since no such NCAA rule could be found, Basye declared Vicky eligible. He contended that in the absence of NCAA or con-

ference jurisdiction, schools ought to have autonomy to decide questions of eligibility. "Having the crew coaches be the guardians of eligibility in crew is like putting the fox in the coop to guard the chickens," he says. "Perhaps speaking of foxes and chickens in this connection won't be too well received by the women's lib faction, but what the hell difference does sex make in this case? I'm not certifying left tackles!"

Amid the debate Vicky, the bright, articulate eldest daughter of a book salesman, was learning her craft. "I'd never done anything in organized sports before," she says. "Skiing was my passion, then swimming. But those are purely individual skills. In crew I have to know the physical and mental capabilities of eight or 10 men. I have to know how they react to me. And I have to know rowing. At first I felt so stupid, Joe Sweeney, the how man, told me to yell the count, the distance to go and to keep the rudder straight. So I yelled, 'Keep that rudder straight!'"

Some knowledge came harder. "The guys tested me more because I was a girl, sure. They had to know if I was serious. And I had to prove it." During the winter the team rowed four days a week and lifted weights and ran the other three. Vicky ran with them over a steep, wooded ridge near the Oregon campus. "I was determined to keep up the whole four miles, and I did," she says. "It was awful. But I learned how you can force yourself to go on even when you don't think it's possible."

After helping the crew repair the roof of Oregon's primitive boathouse, she was urged to jump to the ground. She landed in a pile of mud and came up slinging. Doing squat jumps with the men on an icy dock, she tore a thigh muscle, which has slowly mended.

The crew's attitude changed. "I was impressed when she ran with us," says John Petersen, who pulls the No. 6 oar. "We started to understand she wasn't out for a lark."

"To be good," says Costello, "a crew has to be regimented. In some ways it would be easier to act the drill sergeants, to condition the guys to jump when I scream. Traditionally it has been done that way. But it is equally possible for a crew to be good without being intimidated into it. Anywhere you row in the West you have to sit out in the weather

continued

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a lot. You get a pretty determined type of person to start with, capable of enormous self-discipline. I set up the weightlifting schedules, but the guys lift on their own. I haven't harassed them. They have done the work.

"Doing it that way makes it more their crew than mine. If they win, it's their victory. If they lose, I have to bear some of it, but they won't lose, not like last year. [Oregon was 1-8 in 1971.] We'll be competitive with schools on our level: Seattle, Western Washington, University of Puget Sound, Pacific Lutheran. But these guys want to beat the big crews, like Washington. They really think they can. . . ." He leaves his sentence floating there, unwilling to deflate his oarsmen's ambitions.

"The more I learned about rowing and the mania these guys have for it, the more important it all became," says Vicky Brown. "I went through a few weeks when the responsibility was oppressive. I didn't think I was learning at all. I couldn't even steer. But now everything is becoming more natural. I don't think I could leave it."

Word of Oregon's noble experiment drew anguished bellows from crew's Establishment. Dick Erickson, coach of mighty Washington, spoke his mind to a Eugene sportswriter, Elaine Newnam. "I just can't imagine a girl sitting in there for us," grumbled Erickson. "The best thing we have done is put women in their own crew. At Washington we expect a heck of a lot more of a coxswain than they [Oregon] do. We aren't looking for somebody just to ride in the boat and steer it. The coxswain on our crew is one of the most valuable members. He's the quarterback, the race director. I can appreciate Oregon wanting a small person riding in the boat, but we will not race them if they use a girl."

The Oregon oarsmen, an excitable group under the most tranquil circumstances, reacted with heartfelt profanity. "Washington always crowds about their pride and tradition," said Stroke Mike Marsh. "Hell, they spend \$40,000 a year and keep 22 shells in Conibear boat-house, besides having 40 heavyweights living there. We have five shells, all of them rebuilt wrecks that we lease. We get rich from the athletic department. Our coach is paid by a grant from a foundation. We sweep garbage out of the stadium to pay for ours. If anybody has

pride, we do. And then Washington tells us we can't row with a girl. That really irritates me."

Said No. 5 oar, Craig Knechtel: "The negative reaction to a girl cox surprised me. I never knew there was a difference."

Petersen added, "It's lousy that some coaches say they will refuse to row. If Vicky is a genetically inferior cox, as they imply, why don't they race us and beat us and prove it?"

And Vicky herself chipped in, "Mr. Erickson's remarks were insulting to the whole team. I think, though, that the furor helped them decide they really wanted me to stay on."

It helped, too, that Vicky started to improve. A few days before the season opener she directed her shell in a practice run over 2,000 meters in six minutes, 28 seconds, some 14 seconds faster than Oregon's best time last year. "Learning everything about rowing will take years," she said afterward, "but I'm to where I can spot some problems. I'm learning the psychology of these guys. They're incredibly gung-ho. Oh, I guess a couple of them would be happy if I reclined a little back there and smiled a lot and said, 'Gee, you have a nice catch,' but I'm not out to make them happy. I'm trying to get them to row."

It has been voiced around campus that Costello, finding the Oregon crew without a tradition or much following, kept Vicky on for the inevitable publicity. Such innuendo annoys Victoria Brown. "Listen," she says, "we rowed in miserable weather all winter. If it had been a publicity stunt, the guys would have seen through me in a minute."

Came the opener and the Seattle University crew arrived at Dexter with essentially the same boat that had thrashed Oregon the year before. Seattle's coach, Jorge Calderon, a big easygoing Peruvian, did not object to Vicky. "If she's a good cox, put her in there," he said. One of his oarsmen said, "Women coxswains are nothing new. We tried two last year. They don't work. A screechy voice just doesn't get you going."

A small crowd braved an early spring snow shower to watch the race. As the opposing shells glided to the starting line, a few flakes still fluttered into the flat, opaque water.

Seattle's coxswain, Mitchell Ikeda, called out the challenge: "Hey, Oregon. Do we race for shirts?"

"Shirts," growled Vicky, trying unsuccessfully to force her voice low.

There were chuckles in the Seattle boat. "Yeah, they laughed," Mike Marsh said later. "For about half a stroke."

Oregon got the lead, stroking a high 37. Seattle kept close with a smooth 32.

Near the 1,000-meter mark, Seattle was half a length back and took a frantic power ten, Ikeda braying at the top of his considerable voice. Vicky called a sprint and the Oregon boat surged a full length ahead. There was jubilation among the spectators, at least 20 of whom were named Brown, as Vicky, pounding out a 36 on the gunwales, drove her men home $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in front.

On the dock Vicky hugged each panting oarsman. "I was so happy I thought I was going to fly apart," she said. "For the first time I felt I was an asset, not just a dead weight in the boat. And Don looked so excited. That made it even better."

Of the nine people in Oregon's shell, seven had won their first shirts ever. Ecstasy found traditional expression. To the horror of chilled onlookers the oarsmen returned Vicky's embraces by pitching her into the shockingly cold water. That was too much for Vicky's 8-year-old brother Tom.

"You big sis," he shouted at Jeff Law. "Why did you throw my sister into the lake?"

When Law, Petersen and Marsh saw to it that Costello followed Vicky into the icy depths, Tom ran for the gangway. "Those guys are crazy," he said.

"Oh, absolutely," rejoiced Law. "But we won! We won!"

The race but not the war. One week later the Ducks lost to Oregon State and Stanford with a substitute cox; Vicky was on the beach, as Karl Drlica steadfastly contended she was intelligible. Last week Vicky came up against another immovable object, Dick Erickson. Oregon was to have met Washington, Seattle, Western Washington and Puget Sound on Seattle's Lake Washington. But, according to Erickson, they were going to have to do it without Vicky. The Oregon crew voted to withdraw from the race. "They're calling me a male chauvinist pig and all of that," grumbled Erickson. He may be. Asked if he would oppose a girl in a shell even if she showed she was the best on the squad, Erickson said, "You bet I would."

END



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Critics are acclaiming the novel 'End Zone' and calling its author one of the country's best young writers. Set in West Texas, it has a college football coach named Creed and a message that transcends sports. The following is an excerpt from the book published by Houghton Mifflin

POP, POP,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID RUYES

HIT THOSE PEOPLE

by DON DeLILLO



CONTINUED

Taft Robinson was the first black student to be enrolled at Logos College in West Texas. They got him for his speed.

By the end of that first season he was easily one of the best running backs in the history of the Southwest. In time he might have turned up on television screens across the land, endorsing \$8,000 automobiles or avocado-flavored instant shave. His name on a chain of fast-food outlets. His life story on the back of cereal boxes. A drowsy monograph might be written on just that subject, the modern athlete as commercial myth, with footnotes. But this doesn't happen to be it. There were other intonations to that year, for me at least, the phenomenon of anti-applause—words broken into brute sound, a consequent silence of metallic texture. And so Taft Robinson, rightly or wrongly, no more than haunts this story. I think it's fitting in a way. The mansion has long been haunted (double metaphor coming up) by the invisible man.

But let's keep things simple. Football players are simple folk. Whatever complexities, whatever dark politics of the human mind, the heart—these are noted only within the chalked borders of the playing field. At times strange visions ripple across that turf; madness leaks out. But wherever else he goes, the football player travels the straightest of lines. His thoughts are wholesomely commonplace, his actions uncomplicated by history, enigma, holocaust or dream.

A passion for simplicity, for the true old things, as of boys on bicycles delivering newspapers, filled our days and nights that fierce summer. We practiced in the undulating heat with nothing to sustain us but the conviction that things here were simple. Hit and get hit; key the pulling guard; run over people; suck some ice and reassume the three-point stance. We were a lean and dedicated squad run by a hungry coach and his seven oppressive assistants. Some of us were more simple than others; a few might be called outcasts or exiles; three or four, as on every football team, were crazy. But we were all—even myself—we were all dedicated.

We did grass drills at 106° in the sun. We attacked the blocking sleds and trusted through the intersecting ropes. We stood in what was called the chute (a nar-

row strip of ground bordered on two sides by blocking dummies), and we went one-on-one, blocker and pass-rusher, and hand-fought each other to the earth. We buried, clawed and kicked. There were any number of flatfights. There was one sprawling free-for-all that the coaches allowed to continue for about five minutes, standing on the sidelines looking pleasantly bored as we kicked each other in the shins and threw dumb rights and lefts at caged faces, the more impulsive taking off their helmets and swinging them at anything that moved. In the evenings we prayed.

I was one of the exiles. There were many times, believe it, when I wondered what I was doing in that remote and unfed place, that summer tundra, being hit high and low by a foaming pair of 240-pound Texans. Being so tired and sore at night that I could not raise an arm to brush my teeth. Being made to obey the savage commands of unreasonable men. Being set apart from all styles of civilization as I had known or studied them. Being led in prayer every evening, with the rest of the squad, by our coach, warlock and avenging patriarch. Being made to lead a simple life.

Then they told us that Taft Robinson was coming to school. I looked forward to his arrival—an event, finally, in a time of incidents and small despairs. But my teammates seemed sullen at the news. It was a break with simplicity, the haunted corner of a dream, some piece of forest magic to scare them in the night.

Taft was a transfer student from Columbia. The word on him was good all the way. 1) He ran the 100 in 9.3 seconds. 2) He had good moves and good hands. 3) He was strong and rarely fumbled. 4) He broke tackles like a man pushing through a turnstile. 5) He could pass-block—when in the mood.

But mostly he could fly—9.3 speed. He had real sprinter's speed. Speed is the last excitement left, the one thing we haven't used up, still naked in its potential, the mysterious black gift that thrills the millions.

(Exile or outcast: distinctions tend to vanish when the temperature exceeds 100°.)

Taft Robinson showed up at the beginning of September, about two weeks before regular classes were to start. The squad, originally 100 bodies, soon down

to 60, soon less, had reported in the middle of August. Taft had missed spring practice and 20 days of the current session. I didn't think he'd be able to catch up. I was in the president's office the day he arrived. The president was Mrs. Tom Wade, the founder's widow. Everybody called her Mrs. Tom. She was the only woman I had ever seen who might accurately be described as Lincolnian. Beyond appearance, I had no firm idea of her reality; she was tall, black-browed, stark as a railroad spike.

I was there because I was a Northerner. Apparently they thought my presence would help make Taft feel at home, an idea I tended to regard as laughable. (He was from Brooklyn, having gone on to Columbia from Boys' High, a school known for the athletes it turns out.) Mrs. Tom and I sat waiting.

"My husband loved this place," she said. "He built it out of nothing. He had an idea, and he followed it through to the end. He believed in reason. He was a man of reason. He cherished the very word. Unfortunately he was mute."

"I didn't know that."

"All he could do was grunt. He made disgusting sounds. Spit used to collect at both corners of his mouth. It wasn't a real pretty sight."

Taft walked in flanked by our head coach, Emmett Creed, and backfield coach, Oscar Veech. Right away I estimated height and weight, about 6' 2" and 210. Good shoulders, narrow waist, acceptable neck. Prize beef at the county fair. He wore a dark gray suit that may have been as old as he was.

Mrs. Tom made her speech.

"Young man, I have always admired the endurance of your people. You've a tough row to hoe. Frankly I was against this from the start. When they told me their plan, I said it was bushwa. Complete bushwa. But Emmett Creed is a mighty persuasive man. This won't be easy for any of us. But what's reason for if not to get us through the hard times? There now, I've had my say. Now you go on ahead with Coach Creed, and when you're all through talking football you be sure to come on back here and see Mrs. Berry Trout next door. She'll get you all settled on courses and accommodations and things. History will be our ultimate judge."

Then it was my turn.

"Gary Harkness," I said. "We're

more or less neighbors. I'm from upstate New York."

"How far up?" he said.

"Pretty far. Very far in fact. Small town in the Adirondacks."

We went over to the players' dorm, an isolated unit just about completed but with no landscaping out front and WET PAINT signs everywhere. I left the three of them in Taft's room and went downstairs to get suited up for afternoon practice. Moody Kimbrough, our right tackle and offensive captain, stopped me as I was going through the isometrics area.

"Is he here?"

"He is here," I said.

"That's nice. That's real nice."

In the training room Jerry Fallon had his leg in the whirlpool. He was doing a crossword puzzle in the local newspaper.

"Is he here?"

"He is everywhere," I said.

"Who?"

"Supreme being of heaven and earth. Three letters."

"You know who I mean."

"He's here all right. He's all here. Two hundred and fifty-five pounds of solid mahogany."

"How much?" Fallon said.

"They're thinking of playing him at guard. He came in a little heavier than they expected. About 255. Left guard, I think Coach said."

"You kidding me, Gary?"

"Left guard's your spot, isn't it? I just realized."

"How much does he weigh again?"

"He came in at 255, 260. Solid bronze right from the foundry. Coach calls him the fastest two-five-five in the country."

"He's supposed to be a running back," Fallon said.

"That was before he added weight."

"I think you're kidding me, Gary."

"That's right," I said.

We ran through some new plays for about an hour. Creed's assistants moved among us yelling at our mistakes. Creed himself was up in the tower studying overall patterns. I saw Taft on the sidelines with Oscar Veech. The players kept glancing that way. When the second unit took over on offense, I went to the far end of the field and grubbed around for a spot of shade in which to sit. Finally I just sank into the canvas fence and remained more or less upright, contem-

plating the distant fury. These canvas blinds surrounded the entire practice field in order to discourage spying by future opponents. The blinds were one of the many innovations Creed had come up with—innovations as far as this particular college was concerned. He had also had the tower built, as well as the separate living quarters for the football team. (To instill a sense of unity.) This was Creed's first year here. He had been born in Texas, in either a log cabin or a manger, depending on who was telling the story, on the banks of the Rio Grande in what is now Big Bend National Park. The sporting press liked to call him Big Bend. He made a few All-America teams as a tailback in the old single-wing days at SMU and then flew a B-29 during the war and later played halfback for three years with the Chicago Bears. He

went into coaching then, first as an assistant to George Halas in Chicago and then as head coach in the Missouri Valley Conference, the Southeastern Conference and the Big Eight. He became famous for creating order out of chaos, building good teams at schools known for their perennial losers. He had four unbeaten seasons, five conference championships and two national champions. Then a second-string quarterback said or did something he didn't like, and Creed broke his jaw. It became something of a national scandal, and he went into obscurity for three years until Mrs. Tom beckoned him to West Texas.

It was a long drop down from the Big Eight, but Creed managed to convince the widow that a good football team could put her lonely little school on the map. So priorities were changed,

continued



new assistants were hired, alumni were courted, a certain amount of oil money began to flow, a certain number of private planes were made available for recruiting purposes, the team name was changed from the Cactus Wrens to the Screaming Eagles—and Emmett Creed was on the comeback trail. The only thing that didn't make sense was the son of canvas that hid our practice sessions. There was nothing out there but insects.

The first unit was called back in, and I headed slowly toward the dust and noise. Creed up in the tower spoke through his bullhorn.

"Defense, I'd appreciate some pursuit. They don't give points for apathy in this sport. Pursue those people. Come out of the ground at them. Hit somebody. Hit somebody. Hit somebody."

On the first play Garland Hobbs, our quarterback, faked to me going straight into the line and then pitched to the other setback, Jim Deering. He got hit first by a linebacker, Dennis Smea, who drove him into the ground, getting some belated and very nasty help from a tackle and another linebacker. Deering didn't move. Two assistant coaches started shouting at him, telling him he was defacing the landscape. He tried to get up but couldn't make it. The rest of us walked over to the far hash mark and ran the next play.

It all ended with two laps around the goalposts. Lloyd Philpot Jr., a defensive end, fell down in the middle of the second lap. We left him there in the end zone, on his stomach, one leg twitching slightly. His father had been All-Conference at Baylor for three straight years.

That evening Emmett Creed addressed the squad.

"Write home on a regular basis. Dress neatly. Be courteous. Articulate your problems. Move swiftly from place to place, both on the field and in the corridors of buildings. Don't ever get too proud to pray."

Rolf Hauptfuehrer coached the defensive line and attended to problems of morale and grooming. He approached me one morning after practice.

"We want you to room with Bloomberg," he said.

"Why me?"

"John Billy Small was in there with him. Couldn't take the tension. We fig-

ure you won't mind. You're more the complicated type."

"Of course I'll mind."

"John Billy said he wets the bed. Aside from that there's no problem. He gets nervous. No doubt about that. A lot of tension in that frame. But we figure you can cope with it."

"I object. I really do. I've got my own tensions."

"Harkness, everybody knows what kind of reputation you brought down here. Coach is willing to take a chance on you only as long as you follow orders. So keep in line. Just keep in line—hear?"

"Who's rooming with Taft Robinson?" I said.

"Robinson rooms alone."

"Why's that?"

"You'll have to ask the powers that be. In the meantime, move your stuff in with Bloomberg."

"I don't like tension," I said. "And I don't see why I have to be the one who gets put in with controversial people."

"It's for the good of the team," Hauptfuehrer said.

I went up to my room. Bloomberg was asleep, on his belly, snoring softly into the pillow. He was absolutely enormous. It was easy to imagine him attached to the bed by guy wires, to be floated aloft once a year like a Macy's balloon. His full name was Anatole Bloomberg, and he played left tackle on offense. That was all I knew about him, that plus the fact that he wasn't a Texan. One of the outcasts, I thought. Or a voluntary exile of the philosophic type. I decided to wake him up.

"Anatole," I said. "It's Gary Harkness, your new roommate. Let's shake hands and be friends."

"We're roommates," he said. "Why do we have to be friends?"

"It's just an expression. I didn't mean undying comrades. Just friends as opposed to enemies. I'm sorry I woke you up."

"I wasn't asleep."

"You were snoring," I said.

"That's the way I breathe when I'm on my stomach. What happened to my original roommate?"

"John Billy? John Billy's been moved."

"Was that his name?"

"He's been moved. I hope you're not tense about my showing up. All I want

to do is get off to a good start and avoid all possible tension."

"Who in your opinion was the greater man?" Bloomberg said. "Edward Gibbon or Archimedes?"

"Archimedes."

"Correct," he said.

In the morning Creed sent us into an all-out scrimmage with a brief inspirational message that summed up everything we knew or had to know.

"It's only a game," he said, "but it's the only game."

Taft Robinson and I were the setbacks. Taft caught a flare pass, evaded two men and went racing down the sideline. Bobby Iselin, a cornerback, gave up the chase at the 25. Bobby used to be the team's fastest man.

Through all our days together my father returned time and again to a favorite saying.

"Suck in that gut and go harder."

He never suggested that this saying of his ranked with the maxims of Teddy Roosevelt. Still, he was dedicated to it. He believed in the idea that a simple but lasting reward, something just short of a presidential handshake, awaited the extra effort, the persevering act of a tired man. Backbone, will, mental toughness, desire—these were his themes, the qualities that insured success. He was a pharmaceutical salesman with a lazy son.

It seems that wherever I went I was hounded by people urging me to suck in my gut and go harder. They would never give up on me—my father, my teachers, my coaches, even a girl friend or two. I was a challenge, I guess, a piece of string that does not wish to be knotted. My father was by far the most tireless of those who tried to give me direction, to sharpen my initiative, to piece together some collective memory of hard-won land or dusty struggles in the sun. He put a sign in my room:

WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH
THE TOUGH GET GOING

I looked at this sign for three years (roughly from ages 14 to 17) before I began to perceive a certain beauty in it. The sentiment of course had small appeal, but it seemed that beauty flew from the words themselves, the letters, consonants swallowing vowels, aggression and tenderness, a semi-self-recreation from line to line, word to word, letter

continued

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Category	Top-Flite Avg. Yards	Leading Competitive Balls Tested Average Yards							Avg. Yards for all balls tested
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	
Woods - Carry	335.8	324.5	317.0	327.3	321.6	315.3	327.3	329.6	324.7
Woods - Total Distance	261.6	246.1	239.0	249.7	242.4	235.7	248.7	251.2	244.3
Irons - Carry	179.4	170.3	168.8	172.8	167.8	163.3	173.7	170.0	170.4
Irons - Total Distance	194.2	179.1	179.2	182.4	177.3	173.7	180.8	178.8	180.7

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POP, POP RON MOORE

to letter. All meaning faded. The words became pictures. It was a sinister thing to discover at such an age that words can escape their meanings.

My father had a territory and a company car. He sold vitamins, nutritional supplements, mineral preparations and antibiotics. His customers included about 50 doctors and dentists, about a dozen pharmacies, a few hospitals, some drug wholesalers. He had specific goals, both geographic and economic, each linked with the other, and perhaps because of this he hated waste of any kind, of shoe leather, talent, irreplaceable time. (Get cracking. Straighten out. Hang in.) It paid, in his view, to follow the simplest, most pioneer of rhythms—the eternal work cycle, the blood hunt for bear and deer, the mellow rocking of chairs as screen doors swing open and bang shut in the gathering fragments of summer's sulky dusk. Beyond these honest latitudes lay nothing but chaos.

He had played football at Michigan State. He had ambitions on my behalf, and more or less at my expense. This is the custom among men who have failed to be heroes; their sons must prove that the seed was not impoverished. He had spent his autumn Saturdays on the sidelines, watching others fall in battle and rise then to the thunder of the drums and the crowd's demanding chants. He put me in a football uniform very early. Then, as a high school junior, I won All-State honors at halfback. (This was the first of his ambitions, and as it turned out the only one to be fulfilled.) Eventually I received 28 offers of athletic scholarships—tuition, books, room and board, \$15 a month. There were several broad hints of further almsgiving. Visions were painted of lovely young ladies with charitable instincts of their own. It seemed that every section of the country had much to offer in the way of scenery, outdoor activities, entertainment, companionship, and even, if necessary, education. On the application blanks I had to fill in my height, my weight, my academic average and my time for the 40-yard dash.

I handed over a letter of acceptance to Syracuse University. I was eager to enrich their tradition of great running backs. They threw me out when I barricaded myself in my room with two packages of Oreo cookies and a girl named Lippy Margolis. She wanted to

hide from the world, and I volunteered to help her. For a day and a night we read to each other from a textbook on economics. She seemed calmed by the incoherent doctrines set forth on those pages. When I was sure I had changed the course of her life for the better, I opened the door.

At Penn State, the next stop, I studied hard and played well. But each day that autumn was exactly like the day before and the one to follow. I had not yet learned to appreciate the slowly gliding drift of identical things; chunks of time spun past me like meteors in a universe predicated on repetition. For weeks the cool clear weather was unvarying, the girls wore white knee-high stockings; a small red plane passed over the practice field every afternoon at the same time. There was something hugely Asian about those days in Pennsylvania. I tripped on the same step on the same staircase on three successive days. After this I stopped going to practice.

The freshman coach wanted to know what was up. I told him I knew all the plays; there was no reason to practice them over and over; the endless repetition might be spiritually disastrous; we were becoming a nation devoted to human serigraphy. He and I had a long earnest discussion. Much was made of my talent and my potential value to the varsity squad. Oneness was stressed—the oneness necessary for a winning team. It was a good concept, oneness, but I suggested that, to me at least, it could not be truly attractive unless it meant oneness with God or the universe or some equally redoubtable superphenomenon. What he meant by oneness was in fact cleverness or twenty-twosness. He told me that my attitude was all wrong. People don't go to football games to see pass patterns run by theologians. He told me, in effect, that I would have to suck in my gut and go harder. He mentioned, 1) A team sport. 2) The need to sacrifice. 3) Preparation for the future. 4) Microcosm of life.

"You're saying that what I learn on the gridiron about sacrifice and oneness will be of inestimable value later on in life. In other words, if I give up now I'll almost surely give up in the more important contests of the future."

"That's it exactly, Gary."

"I'm giving up," I said.

It was a perverse thing to do—go home

and sit through a blinding white winter in the Adirondacks. I was passing through one of those odd periods of youth in which significance is seen only on the blankest of walls, found only in dull places, and so I thought I'd turn my back to the world and to my father's sign and try to achieve, indeed establish, some lowly form of American sainthood. The repetition of Penn State was small stuff compared to that deep winter. For five months I did nothing and then repeated it. I had breakfast in the kitchen, lunch in my room, dinners at the dinner table with the others, meaning my parents. They concluded that I was dying of something slow and incurable and that I did not wish to tell them in order to spare their feelings. This was an excellent thing to infer for all concerned. My father took down the sign and hung in its place a framed photo of his favorite pro team, the Detroit Lions—their official team picture. In late spring, a word appeared all over town. **MILITARIZE**. The word was printed on cardboard placards that stood in shop windows. It was scrawled on fences. It was handwritten on loose-leaf paper taped to the windshields of cars. It appeared on bumper stickers and signboards.

I had accomplished nothing all those months, and so I decided to enroll at the University of Miami. It wasn't a bad place. Repetition gave way to the beginnings of simplicity. (A preparation thus for Texas.) I wanted badly to stay. I liked playing football, and I knew that by this time I'd have trouble finding another school that would take me. But I had to leave. It started with a book, an immense volume about the possibilities of nuclear war—assigned reading for a course I was taking in modes of disaster technology. The problem was simple and terrible: I enjoyed the book. I liked reading about the deaths of tens of millions of people. I liked dwelling on the destruction of great cities. Five to 20 million dead. Fifty to 100 million dead. Ninety percent population loss. Seattle wiped out by mistake. Moscow demolished. Airbursts over every SAC base in Europe. I liked to think of huge buildings toppling, of fire storms, of bridges collapsing, survivors roaming the charred countryside. Carbon 14 and strontium 90. Escalation ladder and sub-crisis situation. Titan, Spartan, Posei-

don. People burned and unable to breathe. I became more fascinated, more depressed, and finally I left Coral Gables and went back home to my room and to the official team photo of the Detroit Lions. It seemed the only thing to do. My mother brought lunch upstairs. I took the dog for walks.

In time the draft board began to get interested. I allowed my father to get in touch with a former classmate of his, an influential alumnus of Michigan State. Negotiations were held, and I was granted an interview with two subalterns of the athletic department, types familiar to football and other parasilitary complexes, the square-jawed bedrock of the corporation. They knew what I could do on the football field, having followed my high school career, but they wouldn't accept me unless I could convince them that I was ready to take orders, to pursue a mature course, to submit my will to the common good. I managed to convince them. I went to East Lansing the following autumn, an aging recruit, and was leading the freshman squad in touch-downs, yards gained rushing, and platitudes. Then, in a game against the Indiana freshmen, I was one of three players converging on a safetyman who had just intercepted a pass. We seemed to hit him simultaneously. He died the next day and I went home that evening.

I stayed in my room for seven weeks this time, shuffling a deck of cards. I got to the point where I could cut to the six of spades about three out of five times, as long as I didn't try too often, abuse the gift, as long as I tried only when I truly felt an emanation from the six, when I knew in my fingers that I could cut to that particular card.

Then I got a call from Emmett Creed. Two days later he flew up to see me. I liked the idea of losing myself in an obscure part of the world. And I had discovered a very simple truth. My life meant nothing without football.

We stood in a circle in the enormous gray morning, all the receivers and offensive backs, helmets in hands. Thunder moved down from the northeast. Creed, in a transparent raincoat, was already up in the tower. At the center of the circle was Tom Cook Clark, an assistant coach, an expert on quarterbacking, known as a scholarly man because he smoked a pipe and did not use profanity.

continued

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"What we want to do is establish a planning procedures approach whereby we neutralize the defense. We'll be employing a lot of play action and some pass-run options off the sweep. We'll be using a minimum number of sprint-outs because the passing philosophy here is based on the pocket concept and we don't want to inflate the injury potential, which is what you do if your quarterback strays from the pocket and if he can't run real well, which most don't. We use the aerial game here to implement the ground game whereby we force their defense to respect the run, which is what they won't do if they can anticipate pass and read pass and if our frequency, say on second and long, indicates pass. So that's what we'll try to come up with, depending on the situation and the contingency plan and how they react to the running game. I should insert at this point that if they send their linebackers, you've been trained and briefed and you know how to counter this. You've got your screen, your flare, your quick slam-in. You've been drilled and drilled on this in the blitz drills. It all depends on what eventuates. It's just 11 men doing their job. That's all it is."

Oscar Veech burst into the circle.

"Guards and tackles, I want you to come off that ball real quick and pop, pop, hit those people, move those people out, pop them, put some hurt on them, drive them back till they look like sick little poppy dogs squatting in the mud."

"The guards and tackles are over in that other group," I said.

"Right, right, right. Now go out there and execute. Move that ball. Hit somebody. Hit somebody. Hit somebody."

Garland Hobbs handed off to me on a quick trap, and two people hit me. There was a big pileup, and I felt a fair number of knees and elbows and then somebody's hand was inside my face mask trying to come away with flesh. On the next play I was pass-blocking for Hobbs, and they sent everybody including the free safety. I went after the middle linebacker, Dennis Smoe, helmet to groin, and then fell on top of him with a forearm leading the way.

Whistles were blowing, and the coaches edged in a bit closer. Vern Feck took off his baseball cap and put his pink face right into the pileup, little sparks

of saliva jumping out of his whistle as he blew it right under my nose. Creel came down from the tower.

One day in early September we started playing a game called Bang You're Dead. It's an extremely simplified game. Almost every child has played it in one form or another. Your hand assumes the shape of a gun, and you fire at anyone who passes. You try to reproduce, in your own way, the sound of a gun being fired. Or you simply shout these words: Bang, you're dead. The other person clutches a vital area of his body and then falls, simulating death. (Never more injury! always death.) Nobody knew who had started the game or exactly when it had started. You had to fall if you were shot. The game depended on this.

I went on for six or seven days. At first, naturally enough, I thought it was all very silly, even for a bunch of bored and lonely athletes. Then I began to change my mind. Suddenly, beneath its bluntness, the game seemed compellingly intricate. It possessed gradations, dark joys, a resonance echoing from the most perplexing of dreams. I began to kill selectively. When killed, I fell to the floor or earth with great deliberation, with sincerity. I varied my falls, searching for the rhythm of something imperishable, a classic death.

We did not abuse the powers inherent in the game. The only massacre took place during the game's first or second day when things were still shapeless, the potential unrealized. It started on the second floor of the dormitory just before lights-out and worked along the floor and down one flight, everyone shooting each other, men in their underwear rolling down the stairs, huge nude hutes draped over the banisters. The pleasure throughout was empty. I guess we realized together that the game was better than this. So we cooled things off and devised unwritten limits.

I shot Terry Madden at sunset from a distance of 40 yards as he appeared over the crest of a small hill and came toward me. He held his stomach and fell, in slow motion, and then rolled down the grassy slope, tumbling, rolling slowly as possible, closer, slower, ever nearer, tumbling down to die at my feet with the pale setting of the sun.

To kill with impunity, To kill in the celebration of ancient ways,

continued

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POP, POP continued

All those days the almost empty campus was marked by the sound of human gunfire. There were several ways in which this sound was uttered—the conical, the truly gruesome, the futuristic, the stylized, the circumspect. Each served to break the silence of the long evenings. From the window of my room I'd hear the faint gunfire and see a lone figure in the distance fall to the ground. Sometimes, hearing nothing, I'd merely see the victim get hit, twisting around a tree as he fell or slowly dropping to his knees, and this isolated motion also served to break the silence, the lingering stillness of that time of day. So there was that reason above all to appreciate the game: it forced cracks in the enveloping silence.

I died well and for this reason was killed quite often. One afternoon, shot from behind, I staggered to the steps of the library and remained there, on my back, between the second and seventh steps at the approximate middle of the stairway, for more than a few minutes. It was very relaxing despite the hardness of the steps. I felt the sun on my face. I tried to think of nothing. The longer I remained there, the more absurd it seemed to get up. My body became accustomed to the steps, and the sun felt warmer. I was completely relaxed. I felt sure I was alone, that no one was standing there watching or even walking by. This thought relaxed me even more. In time I opened my eyes. Taft Robinson was sitting on a bench not far away, reading a periodical. For a moment, in a state of near rapture, I thought it was he who had fired the shot.

At length the rest of the student body reported for the beginning of classes. We were no longer alone, and the game ended. But I would think of it with affection because of its scenes of fragmentary beauty, because it brought men closer together through their perversity and fear, because it enabled us to pretend that death could be a tender experience, and because it breached the long silence.

It's not easy to fake a lump. The tendency is to exaggerate, a natural mistake and one that no coach would fail to recognize. Over the years I had learned to eliminate this tendency. I had mastered the dip and grimace, perfected the semi-moan, and when I came off the field this time, after receiving a mild blow on the right calf, nobody considered pressing me back into

continued



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service. The trainer handed me an ice pack, and I sat on the bench next to Bing Jackman, who kicked field goals and extra points. The practice field was miserably hot. I was relieved to be off and slightly surprised that I felt guilty about it. Bing Jackman was wearing headgear, his eyes, deep inside the face mask, seemed crazed by sun or dust or inner visions.

"Work," he shouted just me. "Work, you substandard industrial robots. Work, work, work, work."

"Look at them hit," I said. "What a pretty sight. When Coach says hit, we hit. It's so simple."

"It's not simple, Gary. Reality is constantly being interrupted. We're hardly even aware of it when we're out there. We perform like things with metal claws. But there's the other element. For lack of a better term I call it the psychomathical. That's a phrase I coined myself."

"I don't like it. What does it refer to?"

"Ancient warriorship," he said. "Cults devoted to pagan forms of technology. What we do out on that field harks back. It harks back. Why don't you like the term?"

"It's vague and pretentious. It means nothing. There's only one good thing about it. Nobody could remember a stupid phrase like that for more than five seconds. See, I've already forgotten it."

"Wuuuurrrik. Wuuuurrrik."

"Hobbs'll throw to Jessup now," I said. "He always goes to his tight end on third and short inside the 20. He's like a retarded computer."

"For a quarterback, Hobbs isn't too bright. But you should have seen him last year, Gary. At least Creed's got him changing plays at the line. Last year it was all Hobbsie could do to keep from upchucking when he saw a blitz coming. Linebackers pawing at the ground, snarling at him. He didn't have what you might call a whole lot of poise."

"Here comes Cecil off. Is that him?"

"They got old Cecil. Looks like his shoulder."

Cecil Rector, a guard, came toward the sideline, and Roy Yellin went running in to replace him. The trainer popped Cecil's shoulder back into place. Then Cecil fumed. Bing strolled down that way to have a look at Cecil unconscious.

Later we watched Bohdy Hopper get about 18 on a sweep. When the play ended, a defensive tackle named Dickie

Kidd remained on his knees. He managed to take his helmet off and then fell forward, his face hitting the midfield snape. Two players dragged him off, and Raymond Toon went running in to replace him. The next play fell apart when Hobbs fumbled the snap. Creed spoke to him through the bullhorn. Bing walked along the bench to look at Dickie Kidd.

I watched the scrimmage. It was getting mean out there. The players were reaching the point where they wanted to inflict harm. It was hardly a time for displays of finesse and ungoverned grace. This was the ugly hour. I felt like getting back in. Bing took his seat again.

"How's Dickie?"

"Dehydration," Bing said. "Haupt-firer's giving him hell."

"What for?"

"For dehydrating."

I went over to Oscar Veech and told him I was ready. He said they wanted to take a longer look at Jim Deering. I watched Deering drop a short pass and get his full two seconds later by Budd Shock, a linebacker. This cheered me up, and I returned to the bench.

"They want to look at Deering some more."

"Coach is getting edgy. We open in six days. This is the last scrimmage, and he wants to look at everybody."

"I wish I knew how good we are."

"Coach must be thinking the same thing."

Time was called, and the coaches moved in to lecture their players. Creed climbed down from the tower and walked slowly toward Garland Hobbs. He took off his baseball cap and brushed it against his thigh as he walked. Hobbs saw him coming and instinctively put on his helmet. Creed engaged him in conversation.

"It's a tongue-lushing," Bing said.

"Coach is harking at poor old Hobbsie."

"He seems pretty calm."

"It's a tongue-lushing," Bing hurred to Cecil Rector, who was edging along the bench to sit next to us.

"How's the shoulder?" I said.

"Dislocated."

"Too bad."

"They can put a harness on it," he said. "We go in six days. If Coach needs me, I'll be ready."

Just then Creed looked toward Bing Jackman, drawing him off the bench without even a nod. Bing jogged over there. The rest of the players were standing or

continued

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kneeling between the 40-yard line. Next to me, Cecil Rector leaned over and plucked at blades of grass. I thought of the Adirondacks, chill lakes of inverted timber, sash of blue snow across the mountains, the whispering presence of the things that filled my rooms. Far beyond the canvas blinds, on the top floor of the women's dormitory, a figure stood by an open window. I thought of women. I thought of women in snow and rain, on mountains and in forests, at the end of long galleries immersed in the brave light of Rembrandts.

"Coach is real anxious," Rector said. "He knows a lot of people are watching to see how he does. I bet the wire services send somebody out to cover the opener. If they can ever find this place."

"I'd really like to get back in." "So would I," he said. "Yellin's been haunting me since way back last spring. He's like a hyena. Every time I get hurt, Roy Yellin is right there grinning. He likes to see me get hurt. He's after my

job. Every time I'm face down on the grass in pain, I know I'll look up to see Roy Yellin grinning at the injured part of my body. His daddy sells mutual funds in the prairie states."

Bing came back, apparently upset about something.

"He wants me to practice my squib kick tomorrow. I told him I don't have any squib kick. He guaranteed me I'd have one by tomorrow night."

They played for another 15 minutes. On the final play, after a long steady drive that took the offense down to the eight-yard line, Taft fumbled the hand-off. Defense recovered, whistles blies and that was it for the day. The three of us headed back together.

"Hohbse laid it right in his gut, and he goes and loses it," Rector said. "I attribute that kind of error to lack of concentration. That's a mental error, and it's caused by lack of concentration. Coloreds can run and leap, but they can't concentrate. A colored is a runner and

leaper. You're making a big mistake if you ask him to concentrate."

A very heavy girl wearing an orange dress came walking toward us across a wide lawn. There was a mushroom cloud applied on the front of her dress. The dress was brightest orange. I thought she must be a little crazy to wear something like that with her figure. I recognized the girl. We had some classes together. I let the others walk on ahead, and I stood for a moment watching her walk past me and move into the distance. I was wearing a smudge of lampblack under each eye to reduce the sun's glare. I didn't know whether the lampblack was very effective, but I liked the way it looked and I liked the idea of painting myself in a barbaric manner before going forth to battle in mud. I wondered if the fat girl knew I was still watching her. I had a vivid picture of myself standing there holding my helmet at my side, left knee bent slightly, hair all mussed and the lampblack under my eyes.

END

The money ball's out to smash its own \$3,000,000 record.

(The 1972 P.G.A. tour results to date.)

TOURNAMENT	PRIZE MONEY	TITLEIST	MacGREGOR	DUNLOP	WILSON	SPALDING	OTHER
U.S. Open	\$ 100,000	\$ 100,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
U.S. Open	134,900	134,900	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
U.S. Open	148,900	148,900	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
U.S. Open	152,900	152,900	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
PGA Tour	27,820	27,820	1,110	1,110	1,110	1,110	1,110
PGA Tour	109,970	109,970	1,407	1,407	1,407	1,407	1,407
PGA Tour	19,991	19,991	1,363	1,363	1,363	1,363	1,363
PGA Tour	124,970	124,970	1,472	1,472	1,472	1,472	1,472
PGA Tour	29,920	29,920	1,457	1,457	1,457	1,457	1,457
PGA Tour	144,900	144,900	1,594	1,594	1,594	1,594	1,594
PGA Tour	144,367	144,367	1,594	1,594	1,594	1,594	1,594
PGA Tour	149,981	149,981	1,608	1,608	1,608	1,608	1,608
PGA Tour	124,517	124,517	1,596	1,596	1,596	1,596	1,596
TOTAL	\$1,771,876	\$1,771,876	\$248,562	\$248,562	\$248,562	\$248,562	\$248,562
PERCENTAGE OF PRIZE MONEY	100.0%	100.0%	13.9%	13.9%	13.9%	13.9%	13.9%

*Source: CribNet ball counts taken during the 1972 PGA tour

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 4-10

BASKETBALL—ABA. Third-place New York moved to a surprising 1-2 lead over heavily favored Kentucky in their semifinal playoff series (page 21). In the other first semifinal, Virginia defeated the Philadelphia first straight, winning the last two games 118-113 and 104-100. Erving's playoff record: 53 points and 415-186 as Erving scored a 39 rebounding champion. Utah over Dallas in one Western Division semifinal, winning the last three games 111-107, 96-89 and 108-99 as the Jazz averaged 26 points a game. Indiana won Denver without a win in the other West series. The Pacers edged the Rockets 122-120 in overtime, but 112-95, won by a walkover 91-79 and then lost 106-99 to leave the semifinals tied at 3-3.

NBA. Los Angeles defeated Chicago 108-97 to sweep its Western Conference semifinal playoff series in four straight games. Jerry West and Gord Gersonich averaged 28.5 points apiece in the series, while Wilt Chamberlain pulled down 40 rebounds. Milwaukee also won first in a row, after an opening game loss to Golden State, to win its semifinal four games to one in the final two games the Rockets beat the Warriors 119-99 as Bob Dandridge scored 31 points. (Rockets' Abdul-Jabbar was held to 19) and 108-100, in the West finals. Milwaukee beat Detroit 108-93 to take a 1-0 lead. Boston and Atlanta traded home-court victories until the Celtics broke the pattern with a 127-118 win in Atlanta to take their Eastern semifinal four games to two. New York gained a 3-2 edge over Baltimore with a 109-81 response of the Bullets in Baltimore after they had also alternated home-court victories.

BASEBALL—BOB FOSTER became undefeated world (left-hander) right champion when he knocked out WBA champion Vicente Rondon in the second round of a scheduled 15-man bout in Miami Beach (page 26).

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS won his fourth Masters title after he shot a 74 to finish three strokes ahead of the field (page 27).

GYMNASTICS—SOUTHERN ILLINOIS beat defending champion Iowa State by 3.6 points for the NCA title at Ames, Iowa. Leading scorer, Bobi Contreras, scored third place after the competition over two individual titles—GARY KORHAVA in vaulting and TOMMY DUNFORD on the horizontal bar. RUSS HOFFMAN of the Cyclones was the poorest horse an unprecedented third straight time, while SIVVI HUG of Stanford was the all-around champion.

HOCKEY—In the East, New York and Montreal edged out in their Stanley Cup series (page 21), while Boston sandwiched victories—5-0 with Car-

ry Chivers in the nets and 2-0 with Ed Johnston as goal—around a 4-3 overtime loss to Toronto before defeating the Maple Leafs 5-4 to take a 3-1 lead. In the West, Chicago topped to four straight over Pittsburgh—3-1 as Pat Quinn scored two goals, 3-2, 2-0 on Gary Suter's shoot-out and 4-5 while Minnesota and St. Louis split their first four games. The North Stars won the first two—3-0 on 43-year-old George Worley's 8th Stanley Cup shoot-out and 30-year-old Dean Prentiss's two goals and 4-5 in overtime; and the Blues took the next two, 2-1 as Phil Rubeen scored both goals and 2-2 after being down 2-0.

HORSE RACING—Laffie Ponce graced his 10th waker's sixth at Santa Anita's 75th anniversary when he guided PRAL TACANIE (319-901) to a 5-length win over odds-on favorite Cougar II, ridden by Bill Shoemaker, in the \$125,000 San Juan Capistrano International Handicap.

GLENNING—(HAB) Angel Carlen up, won the \$147,200 Tuff Guy Handicap at Hialeah by just a length over Double Entry.

Champion National Hunt Jockey Graham Thomas rode WALL TO DO in a four-length victory over Gay Trip, the 1970 winner, in the 110th running of the Grand National Steeplechase in Aintree as only nine of 42 horses finished the grueling four-mile course.

LACROSSE—Attitash Jack THOMAS equaled a John Haskin record for the second time in less than a week when he scored 31 points, on four goals and seven assists, in a 15-5 win over Washington College. Four days later he had three goals and four assists in an 11-4 victory over Brown as he led his team total of 41 points (17 goals, 24 assists) in five games.

SWIMMING—Twelve-time Olympic champion RO-LAND MATTHEIS of the U.S. Century broke his 100-meter backstroke world record twice within two days at an international meet in Monterey, the second time lowering it by .04 of a second to 56.3.

SWIM ATWOOD on American women's records in the 100-yard backstroke (2:24.81) and the 400-yard individual medley (5:28.81) and swam on the record-breaking Lakewood Aquatic Club 400-yard medley relay team (3:57.43) at the National AAU Short Course championships in Dallas, the first time the 100-yard backstroke, giving her three individual titles. MARK SPITZ won three men's championships—the 100- and 200-yard butterfly and the 100-yard freestyle. Other American records were broken by KAREN MOSE in the women's 200-yard butterfly (2:01.64), BARBARA SHAW in the women's 800-yard freestyle (5:14), swimming the first leg of the 400-yard freestyle

relay; the SANTA CLARA A TEAM in the women's 800-yard freestyle relay (7:36.84), GARY HALL in the men's 400-yard individual medley (3:34.01), and BRIAN JOH in the men's 200-yard freestyle (2:02.16).

TRACK & FIELD—World indoor, round-hairer KJELL ESKANDON of Sweden cleared 10' 1" in the pole vault at the Texas Relays in Austin to break Chris Zeigler's world indoor mark by 10". RANDY MATSON heaved the shot 67' 2", while JIM RYAN won the 800 by 20 yards over Ken Swenson in 1:48.10, his best ball mile 1 hour five min early in the season. Said Ryan, who set the world record of 1:44.03 six years ago at the age of 38.

HANDICAP—AWARDED TO the ABA Carolina Community by a federal appeals court, Philadelphia Star Forward Bill CUNNINGHAM, 28, who retired 13th in betting in the NBA with a 21 1/2 average. Cunningham signed a three-year contract with the Eagles in 1969, then changed his mind and continued to play with the 76ers.

THIRD—As basketball coach at Cincinnati, GALE CALLETT, 31, an assistant coach at Kentucky last season, replacing Ray Baker, who resigned after seven seasons.

Hired JACK RAMSAY, 43, who had resigned as coach of the Philadelphia Flyers, to replace the regular season, as coach of the Buffalo Braves, replacing John McCarthy, who had been fired.

Hired JACK McCORMICK, 46, who compiled a 50-48 record at Wake Forest in six seasons, as coach of the Portland Trail Blazers, succeeding interim coach Stu Inman.

NAMED As manager of the New York Mets, succeeding Cal Hoggan who died suddenly. YOGI BERRA, 46, first base coach the past six years. After 18 seasons (1946-1964) with the New York Yankees, in which he batted .295, hit 358 home runs, won three American League Most Valuable Player awards and played in 14 World Series, Berra managed the Yankees in 1964. He was the pennant but lost the World Series in seven games in the St. Louis Cardinals and was fired.

TRADED By the Montreal Expos to the New York Mets. Outfielder RUSTY STAUB, 30, who averaged 28 home runs and 90 RBIs and had a .298 batting average in his three years with the Expos, is their promising young player— infielder TIM FOLI, 21, Outfielder-First Baseman MIKE JORGENSEN, 25, and Outfielder KEN SINGLETON, 24.

CREDITS

5—drawing by Anne's Book 22 Harry Klinepage 24, 25—Hart Gussner 21, Ned Taylor 24, 27—North Shoreline 28, John Hoggan 36, 37—Eric Schepard 34—Carl Gussner 48—49—Dr. Simon-Cameron 50—20—Dick Barlow 73—John Hoggan 78—C. Wood 81—Ben Adams 83—Don Brown 103—Chicago Daily News 31

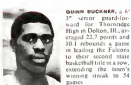
FACES IN THE CROWD



DAVE HANULA, a A graduate at Washington Wilson High in Tacoma, Wash., set state records in the 200-yard individual medley with a 1:54.8 and the 100-yard backstroke (53.0) in leading the Rams to their 11th straight state high school swimming championship.



LEE HARMON, 55, a left-handed bowler from Independence, Mo., with a 215 average, rolled three 300 games in sanctioned ABC league play within three weeks, the first two in the Lake City men's handicap league, the last in the 40 Highway Classic scratch league.



GUNN BUCKNER, a 6' 3" senior guard-forward for Thorneidge High in Delton, Mich., averaged 22.7 points and 10.1 rebounds a game in leading the Falcons to their second state basketball title in a row, extending the team's winning streak to 34 games.



MARY CLANCY, 21, a junior physical education major at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse, took first place in the Amateur Fencing League of America's Wisconsin Division Closed Fod Tournament in 1969. Mary was the state under-19 women's foil finalist.



ALAN BATTAY, a junior at Vermont High in Mt. Vista, Calif., won the North American Indoor Speed Skating 400-yard intermediate boys title with a 37.4, two-tenths of a second lower than the unseasoned record time of Greg Mokler, who took the seniors title.



LARRY SNEY, a versatile senior at State College (Pa.) Area High, compiled a three-year winning record of 62-3 and won the state 100-pound title twice. In football he made All-State as a running back and in track qualified for the state championships at the shotput.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON THE STRIKE

Sirs:

I have been an avid baseball follower for many years. I think it is a great game and would support it at any level. But with nothing to cheer about during the major league players' strike, I feel moved to ask a few questions.

Aren't the major league players placing themselves on the same level as employees of giant corporations? How can we regard baseball as a sport in which athletes compete against each other when the actual competition is between the players and the owners?

Obviously, the main objective for both sides is money. However, those already lucrative contracts most ballplayers have signed mean nothing if the players are sitting at home. The owners, too, will suffer, though most have other avenues of business. So aren't the ballplayers hurting themselves for a few dollars more a month?

I am sure I speak for most of America's sports fans by expressing my sorrow over the demise of what once was our national pastime.

STEVE EHRLBERG

Irving, Texas

Sirs:

All I can say about the baseball players' strike is that it is permanently damaging. It damages the fans with all their dreams and expectations. It damages the owners, who have their financial limits. It damages TV sponsors. (Who knows? They just might find someplace better to spend their money next year.) And most of all, it hurts the players themselves. What is wrong with a wealthy America when it does not know a good thing when it has one?

If anyone could explain why a baseball player needs so much money, I am sure plenty of fans would be interested. Maybe a story about a day in the life of a player could answer the many questions fans have about this whole thing. I cannot find the answers myself.

M. J. SIGNARAD

St. Louis

Sirs:

When and if major league ball parks open their golden gates after such a ridiculous strike, wouldn't it be great if the fans all across the nation went on strike and boycotted every single stadium in the country in their own display of anger at the actions of the owners and players with their greedy, conflicting demands on each other? It would be a delight to observe Mr. Bush bow in his baw, Mr. Yankee bake in his beans and Charles O. Fawley break all his cray-

ons and throw out his coloring books. Fans, unite. We've been taken for granted too long!

JAMES HITCHINGS

Boston

NBA MATCHUPS

Sirs:

In your Oct. 25 issue previewing the 1971-72 pro basketball season, three "class-confrontations" were pictured. Gus Johnson of the Bullets against Dave DeBusschere of the Knicks, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar of the Bucks against Nate Thurmond of the Warriors and Jerry West of the Lakers against Jerry Sloan of the Bulls. As fate would have it, these battles are presently going on in the NBA playoffs. The only matchup you did not picture is the one between the Boston Celtics' John Havlicek and the Atlanta Hawks' Pete Maravich.

JOE LASTOWSKI

Holyoke, Mass.

BASKETBALL'S FANS

Sirs:

I have to agree with Barry McDermott when he says that if basketball eliminated its bizarre fans the game would lose some of its crowd appeal (*Glorie au A, Glorie a Boo!* March 27). It is amusing to watch Dancing Harry of Baltimore or a screaming fan in Madison Square Garden—from a distance. But if you have to shell out \$8 or \$9 and then sit next to one of those monomaniacs who scream every time the opponent gets the ball they aren't so funny, and they'll probably ruin the game for you.

One solution to the problem would be to set up a specific area where screaming zealots could go to sound off. Then everyone could see and hear them, and they wouldn't ruin the game for an innocent by-stander.

RUSS EBBETS

Oyster Bay, N.Y.

Sirs:

In a day when bad examples are seen everywhere, why must a good publication like *SE* sink so low as to cheer the immaturity and thoughtlessness of the people featured in that article. There is plenty of obnoxiousness at sports contests as it is.

STEVE MARONICK

Helena, Mont.

TRUE GRIT

Sirs:

William Johnson's article (*Private Journey Through the Blue Snow*, April 3) is the most eloquent statement of true sport that I have read in some time. The Volvo worker who sucks in his gut, pulls up his pants and traverses 53.5 miles of wet snow without mon-

etary incentive is a winner in every sense of the word. The current crop of million-dollar ABA-NBA crybabies would do well to take note, for they pale in comparison.

CURT N. RAUSCH

Gamesville, Fla.

Sirs:

Tips up to William Johnson and *SE* for sharing with us the arduous, the pain and the beauty of *Vinsloppet Pär Ödög*.

ANDY PERSONIC

Altoona, Pa.

NO CRYBABY

Sirs:

The barrage of accusations that Bill Walton is a crybaby and that the Bruins are over-protected by the officials goes on. The latest installment was provided by *SE's* Curry Kirkpatrick in the article *Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh!* (April 3). Impartiality and adeptness are the basic criteria for good officials. The officials for the UCLA-Louisville game were Jim Hernjak and Reggie Copeland—Hernjak from the ACC and Copeland from the Southeastern Conference. Both men represented neutral areas and are considered to be among the best in their respective areas.

As for Walton's image of being a crybaby, one must understand Bill for what he is, a very talented and able athlete. But while everyone raves about him, Bill is more concerned about the team's play. He is an extremely unselfish ballplayer, but more importantly a good teammate and friend.

While Bill Walton's honesty in expressing his emotions during games as well as in dealing with the media draws criticism, one must respect his refreshing candor as an individual.

LESTER FRIEDMAN

Manager

UCLA basketball team

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Come on, don't be too hard on Walton. He probably gets that way watching rival coaches jump up and down, yelling at the refs and chewing towels on the sidelines.

After watching UCLA basketball for, I guess many years, I cannot recall ever hearing a UCLA player complain after a game. So if the rest want to break up the "dynasty," let them field a team that can do it!

IVAN BRADLEY

Lynwood, Calif.

FOUL CALLS

Sirs:

I wish to make no excuses for the North Carolina basketball team. With a better-

continued

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The Porsche 914 is as close as we could get to building a mountain goat.

Comparatively speaking, the Porsche runs nicely at the most dizzying of heights. (Thanks to electronic fuel injection.)

It is quite comfortable on rocky places because of independent wheel suspension and body-fit-

ting bucket seats.

And the steepest trail is no problem with its five-speed gearbox.

But what goes up the mountain

must come down the mountain.

So the 914 has 4-wheel disc brakes that're with you when you

need them. And rack-and-pinion steering that lets you feel the road through the sharpest bends.

There are two trunks to carry your equipment and the fiberglass roof snaps off in seconds so you can enjoy the view from the top.

(The roof stores under the rear trunk lid, and still leaves plenty of storage space.)

The price, however, is down in the valley.

The Mountain Porsche

The House of Stuart challenges The House of Chivas

Word is out that people in the privacy of their homes are pouring an inexpensive scotch into fancy scotch bottles. And they're getting away with it. Well, Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker and J&B, we thought you'd like to know the other scotch is probably us. House of Stuart.

House of Stuart Scotch is blended on the shores of Loch Lomond—and you can't be more Scotch than that. But it's shipped here in bulk and bottled here. So it costs much less than the bottled-in-Scotland scotches it tastes just as good as.

So, expensive scotch distillers, if one day in Scotland you run out of scotch to pour in your bottles, just ring our distillery down the road and we'll gladly send over some of ours. And no one will be the wiser.

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The Dentist's camera.

We didn't plan it that way.

The Nikkormat FTN wasn't really designed for dentists.

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played last half, the Tar Heels could have won their game against Florida State going away. Instead, they played the worst 20 minutes of basketball I have ever witnessed and lost their bid to defend the NCAA. But no matter, things like that can happen. What does matter, however, is how the two officials involved in the game ever got out of the bush league. I am really undecided as to which was worse: North Carolina's first-half play or the officials' calls for the entire game.

While many of the calls against North Carolina left me enraged, I must in all fairness admit that some of the calls against Florida State were equally inept. So I am not suggesting favoritism. The burning question remaining in my mind is: With only four teams left in its national tournament, couldn't the NCAA come up with enough capable officials to call those games? Kind of makes you wonder how they get through the regular season, doesn't it?

RONNIE M. BLISS II

Madison, Wis.

Six

I just cannot believe what I saw on national TV. The NCAA championship semifinal between North Carolina and Florida State was a travesty. The referees had absolutely no control over the game. Never have I seen such hacking, charging, mauling and so many other blatant infractions go unnoticed. The game got so far out of the officials' grasp that when they tried to correct they were usually wrong. I don't know how the NCAA selects officials for these games, but I know we fans, not to mention North Carolina and Florida State, deserved better than what we got.

JOHN J. ENGLISH

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

SWEETER THAN A KISS

Six

Unaccustomed as I am to writing to the 19th Hole, Pat Pinnam's article *Don't Sweat It* and *Debbie's* (March 27) cries for comment. I was there at the Richmond Coliseum for the U.S. vs. USSR track meet and, frankly, our girls, 16 or otherwise, deserve a lot more credit than a collective smooch or a Coca-Cola. One veteran track observer, John I. Cone, ranked the crowd response (9,000 plus) to Debbie Heald's record-breaking mile run as one of the top three emotional reactions he had ever witnessed.

My quarrel with Mr. Pinnam's story, I guess, is that he did not capture the full emotion of the meet. Maybe it was not Billy Mills at Tokyo, but the showdown was billed as an "us vs. them" confrontation, and there is attendance took it that way. Days later I still get choked up just reading about Debbie's race—and to summarize doesn't Wendy

(continued)



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